THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

THE RADIO TIMES

"JUST A SONG AT TWILIGHT"

6D.

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

Vol. I.—No. 13

5·0 p.m.
Women's Hour

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THE RADIO TIMES

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE B.B.C.

Vol. 1. No. 13. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper] EVERY FRIDAY. Six Pence.

THE SECRET OF CHRISTMAS.

By J. C. W. REITH.

THERE is a secret. It was told in the happy days of childhood. It unlocked the mysteries; it made the season a time of magic and high romance. Anything might happen. The very air was heavy with mystic possibilities. There was a sort of expectant hush as the great date itself drew near. There was no need to keep the secret, either. In fact, everyone about us seemed to share it too. The keenness of our anticipation made itself evident days in advance; we protracted the festivities and the circumstances of the delight for as many days afterwards as we could.

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Quickened heartbeats, eager shining eyes, restless feet, delirious joys: all this we did know once upon a time. Then, of course, we began to grow up, and in varying measure gradually lost touch. So many things contributed: disillusionment was one; our own increasing feelings of superiority to childish foolishness, forsooth, another; pouring rain instead of the beautiful snow mantle of earlier times; railway trains; gas fires—all the old-time characteristic elements of Christmas displaced and well-nigh forgotten.

* * * *

One sometimes hears nowadays that it is a silly mistake to put such nonsense into children's heads as to make them believe in Santa Claus; but the "nonsense" of childhood is, however, the precious memory of ago. What sort of a memory would a "rational" Christmas leave?

* * * *

To some, of course, instead of bringing the traditional good cheer, Christmas brings only memories which provoke sadness. One cannot help remembering days and friends that were. Anniversaries of all kinds are apt to become associated with the incidentals of previous celebrations, till gradually the real original event is lost sight of, and the lesser occasions with which we surround them magnified out of all perspective.

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Whatever our individual conditions may be, there is something in Christmas for us all. There simply must be, though it may take a little finding. Everybody feels some feeble stirring of romance. The calendar set to, say, December 20th at least brings vague memories of emotions and excitements which such a date evoked in past years. There is still some mysterious sentiment afloat. The air is still charged with some romance, but perhaps one lacks the formula—the magic formula of youth—by whose virtue all the stolid matter-of-fact realities which imprison us may be dissolved so that we may once again walk the enchanted ground.

* * * *

It is desperately tantalizing to hear year by year this whisper of romance—so insistent—and then to conclude that our circumstances prevent further heed. The call comes automatically, as if the habit had been well learned, but environment or stress of business—repeated disregard—eventually choke the channels along which there need to flow the spontaneous free response.

* * * *

Perhaps we promise ourselves that, before the next Christmas comes, we shall so have planned and arranged the appropriate setting as to be able to recapture that illusive old romantic air and translate it into words and acts.

* * * *

The external atmosphere and incidentals of the old Christmas times cannot come again—unless in small degree or artificially created—but the attitude of mind and heart, which is far more important, may be gained by those who seek it. There is more of Christmas in this than in the snow and the Tree and the Yule log.

* * * *

For there is an underlying religious motive in the celebration of Christmas that is often forgotten. Where other things have failed to bring happiness and comfort, one has sometimes to get down to fundamentals, and so irrespective of any particular belief, one does well at Christmas-time to recall the hallowed and gracious origin of the festival. And it is in the power of everybody to bring a measure of cheer to somebody, especially perhaps when we feel we need it most ourselves. One has never far to seek for an opportunity to do a good turn. This way comes happiness soonest to ourselves.

* * * *

We delight to remember that through the wonderful agency we control there are almost unique and boundless means of bringing some of the fellowship and good cheer of music and song and kindly message to those who cannot gather with others. The invalids and old people specially we have in memory. May we be able in some measure to mitigate their sickness or loneliness.

* * * *

Let us hope that the spirit will seize us to make merry in material fashion, and this year, the first Wireless Christmas, the means thereto will be at hand. Northern listeners may be lucky enough to skate to wireless music—if the ice holds. In any case, receiving sets everywhere are going to be welcome additions to many a happy gathering.

* * * *

The loud-speaker is such a convenient entertainer. He is so ready to oblige when wanted, so unassuming when other sport is forward. He doesn't feel hurt if a cracker is pulled in the middle of a song, or offended if the fun grows riotous during his performance. He turns a deaf ear to all interruptions, and is ready to "switch off" at a moment's notice, if the company vote for a speech from the host, or want to hear the local choir's contingent of carol singers.

* * * *

Wireless will play its part in other ways too. I suppose a good many people, young and old, will indulge in dancing, whether abroad or at home on Christmas night, and those at home will cheerfully foot it round the drawing-room and up and down the hall to the strains of the Savoy Orpheans. Others will, perhaps, be feeling the zest of younger days, and will join the children in Musical Chairs, providing the "stops" by switching off. Others, more youthful still, may delight in "Hunt-the-Slipper" or "Hunt-the-Thimble" to musical accompaniment—and no one out of the fun at the piano! It isn't really difficult to be young for an hour or two if everybody will play.

* * * *

Some of you who have newly acquired receiving sets may try them out with all the pride of new possession on Christmas night, and may enjoy the "show" without much questioning; but those of you who are old friends of the B.B.C.—and our correspondence tells a story of sudden but sure friendships—will remember to give a passing thought for those who are working in order that you may play.

* * * *

And now allow me to wish you all a Happy Christmas and the Best the Season can bring.

A Christmas Message.

By LORD GAINFORD, Chairman of the B.B.C.

LORD GAINFORD.

THE cheerfulness of Christmas is, in English life, much more than a mere empty tradition. It is a time when the atmosphere seems alive with good cheer. Whilst, perhaps, we have lost something of that type of Christmas associated with the works of Dickens to are still with him in our innermost feelings.

I am sending Christmas and New Year greetings to all that vast number of people who, during the past year, have by their loyal support and appreciation helped to make possible the work that the British Broadcasting Company has achieved.

Industrially, the year has not been a happy one for many. Unemployment has continued to cast its shadow over the homes of large sections of the people. My public life has for a number of years kept me in close touch with the wage earning community, and I have always been impressed with their fortitude in misfortune and their cheerfulness when things were bad. This is a great characteristic of our race.

Looking about me for signs of that revival which will once more bring prosperity to industry I believe that I can see them. I believe that with a general effort to increasing production and increasing costs, the coming year may be a year of greater activity than we have known since the termination of the late war. Confidence is once more asserting itself, and there is a better prospect that the patience of those who have made sacrifices may be rewarded.

It is a pleasure to be associated with a Company at home that has increased the happiness of the community, at a time when the European situation has been operating to clothe the world in grey depression. Starting in a small way with concerts that were largely experimental, the British Broadcasting Company have been able to build up a confidence in the mind of the public which we shall vigilantly guard and endeavour to maintain. Our object is to increase from our wireless stations the pleasure and the entertainment, on the widest democratic basis, for all sections of listeners. We are not wizards who can transform by magic a tattered Cinderella into a radiant Princess. We have not attempted the impossible. What we have endeavoured to do, and what the public encourage us to believe we have achieved, is to stimulate a taste for good music and in other ways to increase the means and the measure of national well-being, by giving inexpensively the best programmes nightly, steadily improving programmes, throughout the kingdom.

In the New Year our efforts will be redoubled. Programmes are being conceived that a year ago were undreamt of. We are seeking humorists who will drive away dull care, singers and musicians who will lighten the tired spirit, and the services of those eminent in the

(Continued at foot of col. 1, page 473.)

My Christmas in Burma.

The British Spirit Abroad.

I CANNOT say what gave me the desire to experience the wonderful and peculiar smells of the jungle. It may have been Kipling, or it may have been the story I read as a child of a banyan tree so large that it could shelter an army. It is strange how many desires have the chance to be satisfied. My opportunity came soon after the war, when I spent some time in Burma.

I am not now recording how far my experiences there exceeded or fell short of my imaginings; I want only to describe the kind of Christmas that English people have in certain parts of our distant Empire.

As Christmas approached and the mails from home brought presents to the colony in which I was temporarily living, one began to feel that the spirit of the English home at Christmastime was escaping from every letter and parcel that was opened.

Our settlement was in a fairly large rice-producing area on the banks of the Ngwoon River, a tributary of the Irriwady.

There were only some forty white people there, including the District Commissioner, the Judge, and the District Superintendent of Police—a peppery old major, whose chief delight was to extract the poison of scorpions by electric shocks. No one knew why this was his hobby, but he considered he had the finest collection in Burma! His friend was the Doctor. Wherever he went he was accompanied by a gun gripped tightly beneath his arm. He was never seen to use it, and why it was his inseparable companion only he knew. The rest of the colony were the *Sahibs* from the mills.

On Christmas Eve the colony foregathered at the Club, where almost every topic of conversation was excluded except reminiscences of Christmases spent at home. Even the District Superintendent of Police forgot his scorpions for awhile! As the evening wore on, an impromptu dance was arranged, which in spirit was better than any of the formal dances sometimes organized. All the old Christmas carols were sung in the early hours of Christmas Day, and the "absent ones" toasted before some of us departed for a brief sleep prior to a shoot of waterfowl on Christmas Day, on the outskirts of the jungle. In the evening the club was deserted, the colony having divided itself into a number of dinner parties, which reminded one of Christmases spent at home.

The Christian Burmese were bedecked this day in their finest array of beautiful silks. The men soaked their long black hair in cocoanut oil; the women added an additional touch of powder to their beautiful, if rather flat, oval faces, and numbers of them visited our bungalows singing in English their favourite hymn, "Christians, Awake!"

So this Christmas ended. Thoughts of home and distant friends had added perhaps a wistfulness to our celebrations, but as far as circumstances would permit, the English Christmas had been well kept. Returning to my bungalow at night with my *durwan* before me, along the bullock track lined by tall palm trees, with just a peep of a most wonderful moon above them, one felt that the Christmas spirit, whether in jungleland or homeland, was the same wherever white men were.

H. P.

Yuletide Customs:

HOW DID THEY ARISE?

By ARTHUR BURROWS, Director of Programmes.

MY thoughts at this moment are not of programmes.

Glancing through a store of negatives and prints, which bear memories of days more wealthy in "spare time," I came upon a much-prized snapshot of a Boar's Head, bedecked with jewels and rosemary. This was taken a number of years ago in the Hall of Queen's College, Oxford, where is observed to this day one of the charming customs which, through centuries of British history, have been associated with Christmastide.

It is still the practice at this college to carry in state, to the accompaniment of a carol with Latin chorus, a fine Boar's Head mounted on a massive silver salver and decorated with flags and gilded herbs.

At the conclusion of the ceremony the trifles used for garnishing purposes are thrown amongst a scrambling crowd of privileged guests, whilst the Boar's Head is consumed at dinner the same evening by the Provost, the Fellows, and their friends.

Where Did We Get Mince Pies?

As one highly interested in ancient practices and in the folklore of Britain, I have been searching once again for satisfying explanations of the origins of many Christmastide customs—for the birthplace of mumming, carol singing, Mumule (which still prevails in a mild form when father dons the paper hat from the Christmas Cracker), the practice of decorating the house with holly and with mistletoe, and of serving hot (with mistaken kindness) plum-puddings, mince-pies, and all those disturbers of the digestive peace so helpful to the family doctor.

My investigations have failed, as I fear they always will do, for these customs, now associated with the Nativity of Christ, have been gathered together from many sources, some Pagan, some Roman, several obscure.

It has occurred to me that the peculiarly widespread circulation of *The Radio Times* (there are now subscribers in all Scandinavian countries and other parts of Europe) would afford an excellent opportunity for discovering how many Yuletide practices, long since believed to be defunct, actually still persist. Does there still prevail in the Northern counties the practice amongst boys and girls of collecting "Hagmena" on Christmas Eve, and does this "Hagmena" still take the form of "Pennies and Plumbs and Pence"?

"The Highfeast of Yole."

In how many places does the burning Yule-log provide the sole light by which the Christmas revels open, and is there in the City of York any remnant of the elaborate ritual which at one time graced the "highfeast of Yole"?

At how many functions of really historic origin are carols still a feature? Are they still to be heard in the towns of Yorkshire sung by young women at six o'clock in the morning, as was the case a century ago?

Who last saw a hobby-horse amongst the properties for Christmas revels, and are there no places where the master still waits upon the servant, as in the oldtime Kingdom of Misrule?

Finally, are there still churches in this country apart from York Minster, where mistletoe, the one-time "profane plant," is given a place amongst the Christmas decorations?

The answers to these questions might prove interesting reading; they might even provide ideas for next year's Christmas programmes! But, if I remember rightly, I said a few minutes ago that my thoughts were *not* of programmes.

MODERN WITCHCRAFT.

By LORD RIDDELL

CAPTURING sound waves vibrating in the air is a marvellous romance, with possibilities few realize. Someone remarked that the discovery equals in importance the discovery of printing. Perhaps he was right.

Radio is the nearest thing to witchcraft the world has seen as yet, but before long we may see even more surprising things. The wizards who devote their lives to these investigations may discover how to capture vibrations of the human voice and other sounds, without their being transmitted through a receiver. Then, again, they may learn to capture the speech of yesterday or the day before, or the day before that. It is said that they have already succeeded in capturing recent speeches. These are horrid thoughts! How complicated life will be! And what a lot we shall have to dig up!

Think of going home in the evening when *The Radio Times* announces that the star turn will be a love scene between Antony and Cleopatra! Or the next night an interview between Queen Elizabeth and Drake, or instead of Kreisler a solo by Nero, intermingled with the crackling flames of burning Rome?

Reading and Radio.

However, at the moment we have quite enough to go on with—speeches, concerts, lectures, etc., etc. Every age has its distinctive feature. There is some reason for calling this the "Matter of Fact Age." No one seems surprised at anything.

I do not profess to be a romantic, but the Radio gives me an uncanny feeling. Think of the mystery of these invisible agencies. There they are all about us. When you wave your hand in the air, you must be knocking all sorts of sounds on the head, but they do not care. You turn on the Radio or a dozen Radios in the same room, and out they come uninjured. Then they are the worst burglars in the world. They do not have to use jemmies or skeleton keys to open doors and windows. They get in through the walls. You cannot escape them. Locks, bolts, and bars are no good.

What effect is the Radio going to have on life? (By the way, I do not like the description "wireless." Why describe a thing by a negation?) Are people going to read less? Are they going to talk less? Are they going to be better or worse informed? Are they going to the theatre and music-hall less? Are those who reside in rural districts going to be more or less satisfied? Who can tell? They are all difficult problems.

LORD RIDDELL.

So far as the present generation is concerned I believe that those accustomed to read and who like reading will continue to read whether they use the Radio or not. But how about the next generation brought up on Radio? Are they going to prefer information through the medium of the ear to that through the medium of the eye?

There are many differing views concerning the effect of broadcasting speeches. Some people hold that listeners will not wish to read radioed speeches in the newspapers on the following day—others that they will be all the keener to read them. I am not prepared to express an opinion. It is, however, certain that few people read long speeches. Most newspaper readers are content with the gist of the speech prepared by the sub-editor. But when it comes to listening to speeches we must remember that the spoken word differs from the printed word. Many speeches dull to read are attractive to hear. Some human voices have remarkable powers of magnetism. The matter may not be inspiring, but the charm of the voice arrests attention. The Radio has the merit of preserving this interesting quality. Of course, it has the further advantage that, without appearing discourteous, you can cut off a dull speaker when you have had enough of him. In his turn, he is not distressed by seeing his audience melting away one by one. He can still orate in the mistaken belief that he is talking to millions.

I am much interested in the controversy regarding broadcasting plays. It looks as if Radio will afford opportunities for a new type of playwright and perhaps a new type of actor, just in the same way as the cinema has done. One thing is certain. Radio is only in its childhood. What the grown-up creature is going to be, no one can say. New inventions have strange and unexpected repercussions. As the French remark, "Nothing is more surprising than the unexpected." What seems probable does not occur. Something quite different happens. But in this, as in other matters, it is useless to look too far ahead. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof"—and the good also.

Nerves and Listening.

Radio will quicken and lighten life. Speeches which formerly had to be taken down in shorthand, transcribed, and circulated to the newspaper offices, will before long be received and printed almost direct from the speaker's mouth, thus saving delay and trouble. All these developments mean more highly developed nervous systems, quicker hearing, quicker apprehension, and so forth.

Owing to the ever-increasing complexity and strain of life, many people view the future with alarm. They gloomily prophesy more nerves and more lunatics. There is, however, no need for apprehension. Man is the most adaptable of all animals. And so far as concerns the Radio, you need never try yourself too high. When you have had enough, you can always say, "Good night, Radio."

Wireless in Schools.

THE importance of wireless as a means of education is being increasingly understood by the teaching authorities. Permission to include wireless in the curriculum has recently been given to twenty-five London schools, and the Elementary Education Sub-Committee have recommended that permission should be given for one year for the inclusion of wireless in the curriculum of all schools which apply for it.

It is interesting to note that it is also recommended that the County Council should pay the licence fees—*i.e.*, 10s. per annum.

It is stated by the Sub-Committee that instruction in wireless gives a good opportunity for linking up the teaching of science with the progress of invention and of industry, and they also declare that the making and handling of wireless apparatus provides a useful lesson in handiwork.

There can be no doubt that in the very near future wireless will play a very prominent part indeed in the education of our children, and the authorities are to be heartily congratulated on their decision to make use of this very important branch of science.

Microphone Wisdom.

"If there is one thing more than another which is calculated to rile the general public, it is the clerical critic who criticises without ever seeing the show."—REV. R. T. NEWCOMB.

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"MORAL codes are necessary to civilization and their only substitute is anarchy."—ARCHIBALD HADDON.

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"BRITISH films . . . are strong in good taste but they are weak in adventure, whereas American films are strong in adventure but weak in good taste.—G. A. ATKINSON.

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"It's better to hear the truth about yourself by wireless than not to hear it at all.—REV. R. C. KNOX.

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"THERE are bedrock verities upon which we have to come down and hold there, whatever winds may blow."—REV. T. YATES.

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"HERE . . . is an enjoyable novel, and let us thank Heaven for it without perversely inquiring whether it has any value as literature."—JOHN STRACHEY.

A Radio Dream.

WIRELESS has been charged with various misdemeanours, such as bad weather, etc., and it now seems as though even our more or less well-earned rest is to fall under its activities. A correspondent tells the following true story of a dream he had recently. One night he dreamt that an old farmer, not feeling very well, went to his doctor, and afterwards described what took place at the interview.

"A sez, 'Doctor,' a sez, 'Aw'm no very gradely.'

"'Ah,' 'e sez, 'sit tha down an' we'll mak' an examanashun!' So 'e gets out a thing 'e ca'd a stutteroskoap, an' 'e claps it agen mi chest, an' 'e claps it agen mi back, an' 'e puts tother end in his earoil, like 'e was a tryin' to 'ear 2LO callin', or 5BeTuf speakin'.

"'By and by 'e sez, 'Ah, yow've got a bit o' a flusteration, a soart o' oscillation,' 'e sez, 'in one o' yur valves,' 'e sez.

"'Nos, doctor,' A sez, 'tha's fiddin' me,' A sez; 'tha knaws Aw've nobbut a crystal set,' A sez."

After that our correspondent woke up. He had quite evidently been listening before he went to bed that night.

What We Think of Broadcasting.

Opinions and Suggestions of Some Famous People.

BY THE VISCOUNT BURNHAM, C.H., the Distinguished Newspaper Proprietor.

"WE cannot improve the world faster than we improve ourselves," has been well said by somebody, and short cuts to happiness are dangerous ground.

We can, however, improve the world and ourselves so far as happiness depends on the satisfaction of the senses and even the faculties that are in us.

Thus I have no hesitation in saying that broadcasting has largely increased the means of happiness for "the greatest number of mankind," to use the old formula of Utilitarian philosophy. It fills the blank spaces of human existence with new interests and fine fantasy. It peoples the blank spaces of lonely solitudes with the forms of beauty and the figures of romance.

Considering the difficult and transitional period through which it has passed, I think that the British Broadcasting Company has made the most of its resources and its opportunities. The greatest number of their public wish to be aroused rather than instructed, to be distracted rather than preached at. On the other hand they do not want merely what is frivolous or frothy, and they appreciate a judicious admixture of seriousness with their entertainment. All depends, as indeed does life itself, on a sense of proportion and in a nicely adjusted balance of tastes and values, which I feel convinced that the British Broadcasting Company will be able to effect and to develop to the highest efficiency.

BY SIR LANDON RONALD, the Famous Composer and Conductor.

I HAVE followed the broadcasting programmes very carefully, and as these programmes are naturally compiled to appeal to all tastes, I venture to think that on the whole you have succeeded well in your object.

Personally, I could wish for less dance music, but I am broad-minded enough to know that my neighbour may write to you and ask to have less Wagner!

All these things are purely personal, and in such a gigantic undertaking as providing programmes for every night in the week, one has to have toleration.

Regarding the serious music performed, I think here there is room for improvement. When the Broadcasting Company can afford it, it would be a good thing to give some fine orchestral concerts with recognized concert orchestras and conductors.

I do not say this in any carping spirit against the orchestras and the conductors that exist already, but only imagine what delight you would give to your hundreds of thousands of listeners all over the country if they could hear from your station an orchestra such as the Queen's Hall, with Sir Henry Wood conducting!

I know there is a very important financial side to this proposition, but with this it is not my intention or business to deal.

Broadcasting is an amazing thing which undoubtedly has come to stay, and therefore it is up to the broadcasting company to give us the very best they can.

BY J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P.

I AM afraid that I have been so much occupied with other things during the last twelve months that I have been able to give only very passing attention to radio matters. I have watched, however, with the greatest interest the development of your plans and your programmes. There is a boundless future of usefulness in front of you. The great advice (which, however, is, I am afraid, of a very general character) that I can give to you is, keep up the standard of your service. Do not play down. Remember that the great mass of our people really want good things.

BY THE RT. REV. J. E. C. WELLDON, Dean of Durham.

I DO not wish to pose as an authority upon broadcasting; but I cannot doubt that the future of broadcasting will greatly affect social welfare. There is no more remarkable feature of modern times than the wide extension in the range of personal influence.

The statesmen of old time were scarcely known even by sight; they seldom addressed any public political body except Parliament; they were names, and were not always as much as names, outside London and the few

The great Burnham. | The Rev. J. E. C. Welldon.

Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald. | Sir Landon Ronald.

large cities of Great Britain. But within the last century the facility of railway communication has taken them up and down the country; the Press has carried reports of their speeches into all homes; their photographs are sold everywhere, and now it seems that the broadcasting process, like the cinema itself, will make their voices as well as their presences and their movements familiar to all classes of the people.

I do not believe in broadcasting the sounds of Nature; they are too delicate. But I hope the British Broadcasting Company will do all that lies in its power to circulate speeches, not so much in favour of party or class as speeches which dwell upon the virtues of good citizenship, upon the magnitude of the British Empire, and upon the principles of truth, justice, freedom and progress which are incorporated in the Empire.

The question of broadcasting sermons or religious addresses may be more difficult. But the Church will, I think, make a mistake if she avoids or neglects the modern agencies of information; and, as I hold that the spirit of Christ is the only spirit which can save society in its industrial and international relations from dissolution, I hope that true religon, which has nothing to do with vestures and postures, but which makes for righteousness as inspired by the fear of God and the love of the Saviour, may be strongly and widely fostered by broadcasting.

BY LILIAN BAYLIS, Lessee and Manager of the Old "Vic."

I SHOULD like to see in the future every lonely farm, every outlying house, and every hospital with a wireless installation, so that nobody may feel out of things when a visitor comes and says: "Have you heard So-and-So?" and the poor host has had no chance of being in London or in any big town, perhaps, for years.

For invalids, especially, I think wireless has been a wonderful boon. I have come across so many cases where the hardest part of an illness for anyone to bear was the knowledge that he or she was absolutely cut off from hearing good music—particularly orchestral music, and piano, violin, and 'cello recitals, etc.

I love the sensation of being able to turn on beautiful singing as easily as one can turn on the fresh water in a tap. I think one of the happiest evenings I ever spent was when, last summer, a young friend who was rescued from the wreck of the *Tregarva* came home unexpectedly, and we put on the loud speaker and had an impromptu dance.

I have also enjoyed thoroughly many of the speeches, particularly the Sunday Night Talks.

BY THE RT. HON. J. R. CLYNES, M.P.

DURING the brief life of Wireless Broadcasting one has become aware again of the immense power of the spoken word. Speech is the concrete utterance of our thoughts. It is the instrument or channel of our speculations and emotions. And when we come unexpectedly upon this miracle of wireless, what can adequately be said of it as a vehicle for their expression? Here is a power in the hands of men. Their trust is comparable to that of legislators or judges. Abused, as some mediums of expression have been abused, what disservice may not be wrought by it? Used rightly for the common advancement and recreation of the people, who is to set bounds to the positive good which may accrue from it? Through it a people might hear its national business discussed and transacted, and who more fitted to hear it than those millions of ordinary men and women who constitute the nation?

Considered in its relation to education, is there now any reason why the cultural refinements of our Universities and the finest thought of our day should not be brought into the houses of the humblest workers, often deprived by bitter circumstances of the opportunity for learning? Music, poetry, drama, criticism, are human activities which make their appeal to the ear, all these have their place too, but I am reminded of a phrase carved over the portico of the Danish State Theatre: "Not Alone for Pleasure."

BY LIEUT.-GEN. SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL, the Chief Scout.

I HOPE the New Year will bring along an invention whereby the crashing and ships' signals can be eliminated from the ordinary receiver. Listening very soon palls under these existing handicaps.

TWO "HELLO" CALLS!

MR. AND MRS. CRYSTAL'S CHRISTMAS CALLERS.

Two headphones plus two visitors sometimes prove a disadvantage! (This amusing sketch, by Harry Woolley, was awarded a second prize in the recent B.B.C. Brighter Britain Competition.)

"The Mistletoe Bough."

A World-Famous Christmas Song.

THE tragical story of "The Mistletoe Bough" does not make cheerful Yuletide reading, and yet, ever since Thomas Haynes Bayly told the story so well in verse about a century ago, it has been a prime favourite among Christmas carols. No self-respecting brass band would ever think of venturing forth on our streets after nightfall as Christmas approaches without "The Mistletoe Bough" in its regular repertoire, whilst with the old-fashioned waits it was an indispensable number.

Few, indeed, of our popular songs tell a story so well, hence, probably, its continued popularity. In songs like "Robin Adair," and "Kathleen Mavourneen," and "The Lass o' Richmond Hill," and many others, one is left guessing what it is all about; but Thomas Haynes Bayly, the author of "The Mistletoe Bough," goes straight on with the sad story from beginning to end. Consequently, this song survives when everything else that Bayly wrote is "as dead as mutton," except only one other song which thoroughly deserves to live—"She Wore a Wreath of Roses."

The Tragic Game.

There can be little doubt as to where Bayly got the story of "The Mistletoe Bough," for he was born at Bath of a well-connected, even aristocratic, family, and would be acquainted with all the county families. Now, in the parish church of Bawdrip, about three miles from Bridgwater, there is a monument to Edward Lovell and his wife and two daughters, Maria and Eleanor, on which appears a Latin inscription relating to the last-named, Eleanor, which may be thus rendered into English:

> "Eleanor . . . died June 14, 1681.
> Snatched away on her wedding day well-nigh, by a sudden and untimely fate, her afflicted husband mourned her loss and resolved to erect this monument to the pious and revered memory of parents, sister and greatly beloved wife."

This inscription is non-committal, but where it fails to be explicit local tradition steps in, and connects this "untimely fate" with a game of hide-and-seek and an oak chest. It is probable that the "young Lovell" of the ballad was his young wife's cousin, and that she was, therefore, one of those brides who marry without changing their surname.

But, although there does not appear to be much room for doubt that here is the seed from which the ballad grew, and that Eleanor Lovell is the sad bride of the chest, the strange fact remains that there are certainly three other houses in England which have a similar legend—the house of the Cope family at Bramshill, Hampshire, the house of the Hartopps in Leicestershire, and Marwell Old Hall, near Winchester.

Moreover, it is undeniable that Samuel Rogers, the banker-poet and friend of Byron and his coterie, had already written his story of "Ginevra," which makes this same tragical occurrence take place in Modena, Italy, and the poet, after relating in very polished blank verse the story of the happy bride, the game of hide-and-seek, concluded:—

> "The happiest of the happy,
> When the spring-lock that lay in ambush there
> Fastened her down for ever."

Thus it will be realized that the story is a somewhat elusive one, associated not only with more than one house, but with more than one country, whilst the association of our song with Christmas is still farther to seek. It is possible that Bayly had heard the story of Exton Hall, the seat of the Noels, which tells of the sad fate of a young lady who was acting there in private theatricals during the Christmas merry-making.

Two Stories in One.

In one of the scenes it was necessary to represent a funeral, and the part of the dead girl was taken by a bright young guest of the house, who, for the purpose of the play, was put into an old oak chest, the lid being closed down upon her. Tragedy was revealed when the time came to release the girl, for, on lifting the lid, she was found to have died of suffocation, her cries having been unheard.

It would appear, then, that Thomas Haynes Bayly put these two stories together in writing his ballad. Yet even he fails to say where "the mistletoe bough" comes in.

The popular idea has always been that "young Lovel" tried to kiss his new-made bride under the mistletoe, and she, playfully seeking to escape from his embrace, yet hoping he would find her, rushed into a remote room and hid in the chest.

"THE MISTLETOE BOUGH."

THE mistletoe hung in the Castle Hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall;
And the Baron's retainers blithe and gay
Were keeping their Christmas holiday.
The Baron beheld, with a father's pride,
His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride;
While she with her bright eyes seemed to be
The star of the goodly company.
Oh, the mistletoe bough! the mistletoe bough!

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried;
"Here tarry a moment, I'll hide, I'll hide!
And, Lovell, be sure thou'rt first to trace
The clue to my secret lurking place."
Away she ran, and her friends began
Each tower to search and each nook to scan;
And young Lovell cried: "Oh! Where dost thou hide?
I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride!"

They sought her that night, they sought her next day,
And they sought her in vain, when a week passed away;
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,
Young Lovell sought wildly, but found her not.
And years flew by, and their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;
And when Lovell appeared, the children cried:
"See, the old man weeps for his fairy bride!"

At length an old chest that had long lain hid
Was found in the castle—they raised the lid—
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there,
In the bridal wreath of that lady fair.

Oh! sad was her fate—in sportive jest,
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest;
It closed with a spring, and, dreadful doom!
The bride lay clasped in her living tomb!
Oh, the mistletoe bough! the mistletoe bough!

Wireless and the Earthquake.

By F. A. Cobb.

[The writer of this article is a senior wireless operator in the merchant service, and was engaged in relief work during the recent terrible earthquake in Japan.]

"NO reports from Japanese reporting stations owing to breakdown of cable service." The addition to the weather report from the Shanghai Zikawei wireless station of these few words at 5 p.m. on the 1st of September was our first intimation that something had happened in Japan. The following morning the weather report again mentioned that the weather news was incomplete, as communication with the observatory at Tokio had been cut off, owing to a serious earthquake.

Thus it was Sunday, September 2nd, before we knew that there had been an earthquake, and as far as we could guess, a bad one.

Horrifying Details.

On the following day we arrived at Moji, which lies at the entrance to the Inland Sea of Japan. There, we soon learned full details concerning the catastrophe, which were so horrifying that we thought they must necessarily have been somewhat exaggerated. (As a matter of fact, when we arrived at Kobe, we found that they had been under-estimated.)

The harbour at Moji was thronged with Japanese Naval craft loading with Red Cross stores, food and clothing—in fact, anything that might prove most vitally needful in such an emergency.

As we entered the Inland Sea, *en route* for Kobe, a squadron of Japanese destroyers steamed past us at top speed, loaded to their fullest capacity. They all carried wireless, of course, and were able to keep in constant touch with land. Thus, should it have been necessary to redirect them to some other destination, there was no need to wait till they arrived at Kobe, it could have been done in a few minutes, effecting a great saving of time.

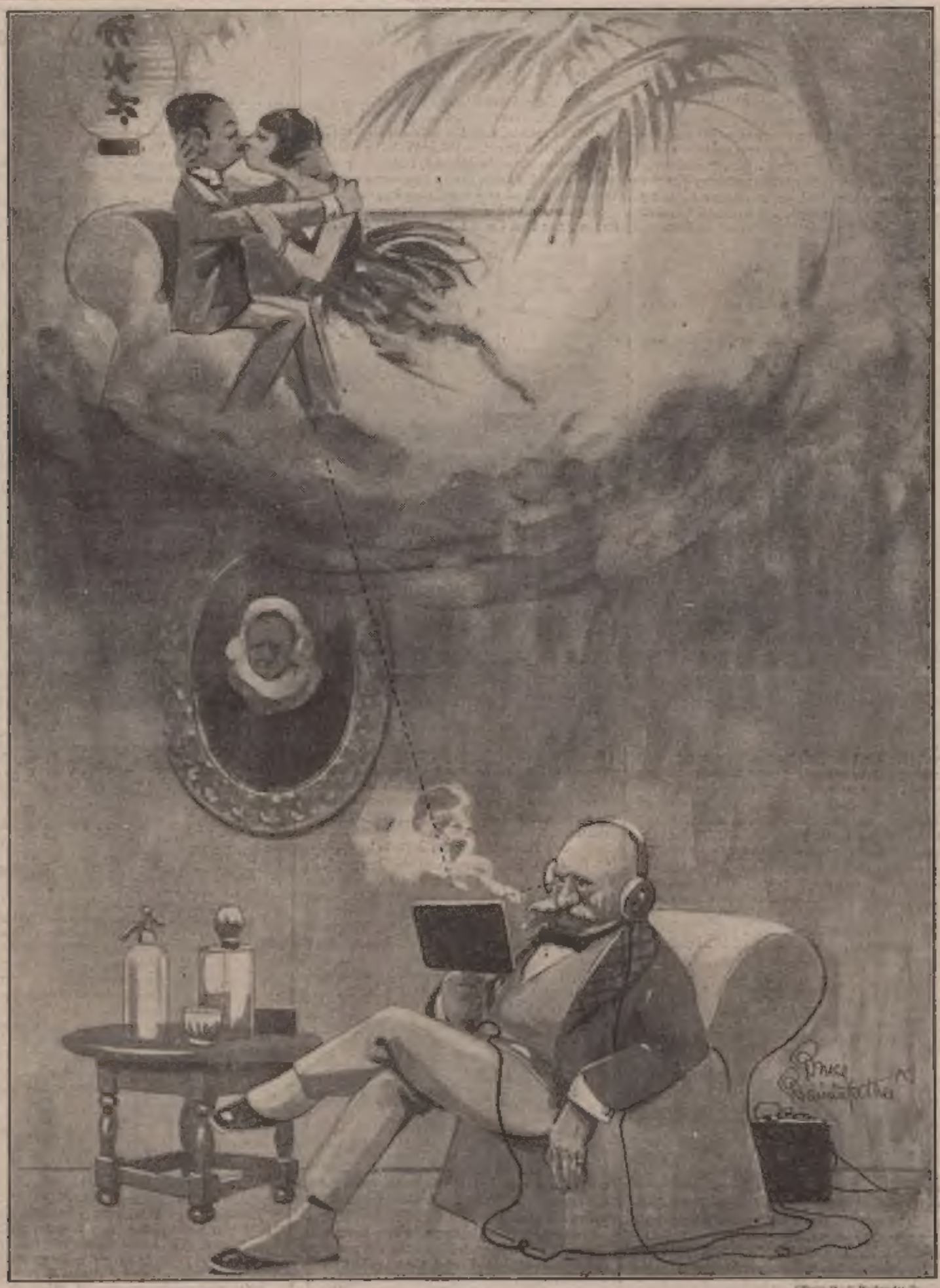
There must have been at least 350,000 people killed in the Tokio and Yokohama districts; the latter had undoubtedly suffered the most. It was difficult for us, who had so often been there, to realize that Yokohama no longer existed.

Wireless to the Rescue.

When the earthquake first occurred, Tokio and Yokohama, with the surrounding districts, were almost entirely cut off from the outer world, all the land cable lines having been destroyed. It was, therefore, the wireless installations on the ships that lay at anchor in Yokohama Bay that took the place of the destroyed telegraphs. It was through these that all the relief ships approaching Kobe were kept in touch with. It was through these that the tremendous number of messages inevitable on such an occasion were handled, and it is certain that the efficient and speedy measures that were necessary to prevent disturbances and to provide first-aid and medical attention would have been greatly delayed had it not been for wireless.

Messages were dispatched from the relief ships as soon as possible to those in charge of the relief work in Kobe, informing them of the number of cases requiring urgent medical assistance, enabling everything to be in readiness when the ship arrived.

Thus once more has wireless amply demonstrated what a valuable factor it is in times of distress.



(From the "Bystander.")

AS SOON AS WE GET THOSE COMBINED "LOOKING" AND "LISTENING" SETS, IT WILL BE A DISTINCT ADVANTAGE.

Where We Get Our Carols.

Christmas Hymns and their Stories.

THE old familiar Christmas hymns will be heard by vast numbers of listeners this Yuletide, a sort of enormous expansion of the ancient idea of the Waits, so that the small boys and girls who sing "Hark the Herald-Angels" through the keyhole, and knock at the door for pennies, will be in danger of being "out o' work," although it is doubtful whether they will realize the fact.

It is surprising what charming little romances circle around Christmas hymns. Take, for instance, that prime favourite, "Christians, Awake! Salute the Happy Morn," which is known to everybody, despite the fact that there is only one occasion in the year when it is appropriately sung. John Byron wrote it as long ago as 1745, and the original MS. which is still preserved in Cheetham's Hospital, Manchester, is headed: "Christmas Day for Dolly."

A Present from "Daddy."

"Dolly" was Byron's little daughter, and, just before Christmas, 1745, after a jolly romp together, the father promised Dolly, as a Christmas present, a carol all for herself. Some little girls might not have cared for such a gift, preferring something they could eat or wear or play with, but Dorothy Byron was delighted, and every day till Christmas dawned she reminded her "daddy" of his delightful promise.

He was not the man to forget, and, sure enough, when Dolly came down very early to breakfast on Christmas morning, there lay on her plate an envelope addressed to her in her father's very legible handwriting, and, on opening it, she read:—

Christians awake, salute the happy morn
Whereon the Saviour of the World was born,

for that is how the original copy starts. This is now much creased and soiled, for it is highly probable that Dolly carried it in her pocket and took it to bed, and even a Christmas hymn cannot stand such treatment!

Which Christmas hymn is most popular? Surely, it must be "Hark! the Herald-Angels Sing," which was written by Charles Wesley, one of the enormous output of 6,000 which he wrote during his long lifetime. The original manuscript of this hymn was found some years ago in the cellars of the Wesleyan publishing house in City Road. A small underground room had long been boarded up, and, on the barricade being removed, a large mass of Wesley manuscripts came to light.

Composed by a Schoolboy.

The original poem had ten verses of four lines each. These were reduced to eight, and, finally, four verses of eight lines each seem to have settled the matter for all time with the two opening lines:—

Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,

repeated at the end of each, as a refrain. But these lines are not as Wesley wrote them originally. This is the way they read at first:—

Hark how all the welkin rings,
Glory to the King of kings,

and a recent edition of a famous hymn-book tried to restore this reading, with very poor success. The change to the "Herald-angel" version is one of the happiest in literature.

But, though "Herald-angels" is probably the most widely known of all Christmas hymns, it is not the greatest. That position undoubtedly must be accorded to the famous Latin hymn *Adeste Fideles*, known to English-speaking folk all the world over as "O Come, All Ye Faithful." The fact is, that the late Canon Oakeley translated this hymn so finely that the translation is as good as the original, and as the well-known tune fits both, one can take one's choice betwixt the dead and the living language.

But the *Adeste Fideles* is not an ancient hymn in the sense that the *Te Deum* or the *Dies Iræ* are, for the Latin hymn was also written by an Englishman, John Reading by name. Singularly enough, he has another, and perhaps more enduring, hold upon fame, for he wrote the famous holiday song *Dulce Domum*—Joyous—or Sweet Home, which the boys of Winchester School sing round a certain pillar at breaking-up time. It is said that John Reading composed it when he was a schoolboy confined for misconduct during the Whitsun holidays, and, so report says, "tied to a pillar."

Improving Shakespeare!

If you were to ask the "Waits" what *their* favourite Christmas hymn or carol is, you would probably get the reply: "While Shepherds Watched." A good story went the rounds during the war, in which this hymn figured. A certain section of the Army, which shall be nameless, but which was specially noted for its acquisitiveness—its habit of annexing the nearest thing, and getting mixed about *mesas* and *wadis*—was encamped near Bethlehem, during the Palestine campaign. Said a Tommy, who knew them: "I bet the shepherds would need to watch their flocks by night."

You have heard of Tweedledum and Tweedledee? Well, Tate and Brady were a good deal like this immortal pair. You can't tell "T'other from which." They published a Psalter, dear to the Scotch, in 1702, and this hymn was in it, and their joint names on the title page. Nevertheless, it is extremely likely that Tweedledum, otherwise Nahum Tate, wrote the carol but it was not for that he was made Poet Laureate. Besides writing this very popular hymn, he attempted to improve Shakespeare, and many of his contemporaries thought he had succeeded!

Farrar's Famous Hymn.

There is a much more modern hymn which begins on the same strain: "In the field with their flocks abiding." Many middle-aged listeners will recall seeing its author, and, perhaps, hearing him preach at St. Margaret's nigh the Abbey, for it was written by Dean Farrar, when he was an assistant master at Harrow. Mr. John Farmer, the music master at Harrow, set it to music.

The following will be among the Christmas carols broadcast at Christmas: "Good King Wenceslas"; "It came upon the Midnight Clear"; "Sweet, Holy Babe"; "The First Noel"; "To Us a Child is Born"; "Oh, Come All Ye Faithful"; "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen."

RADIO COMPASSES.

IT has been stated that the *Leviathan* is the first trans-Atlantic vessel to make use of the radio compass; but this is incorrect, for as far back as 1914 the *Royal George* was fitted with such a compass.

Since then, this instrument has been used in nearly 200 ships, and has been the means of saving many lives. During the war the wireless compass was used by Zeppelins, and it is now employed on the Continental air "expresses," and it is found very useful during fogs.

Peter Gurney and the Wireless.

A Talk from London by Major L. R. Tosswill.

LAS' Friday, I were workin' up tu Squire Tucker's tu Nateworthy—leastways, I were diggin' up plants an' putten 'em back agen, same as I allus dus up there wen there ain't nort else. Zuddenly, I 'eard a rumblin' zound, an' a girt motor-lorry vrom Exter drives in dru the gates. Out gets dree men an' pulls out a girt pole, 'bout vorty voot long, I zhud zay, an' zome bits ov wire an' zuch like. 'Ullo, I thinks, wot be 'bout then? Zquire comes out ov house an talkees tu noon. I puts my pipe down an' dries to 'ear wot er zaith, but I cuden, y'know—ony zummat 'bout "airy." Well, yu knaw tes allus airy pon Dartymoor.

Any'ow, they dree men starts urring tu an vro, measuring the garden wi' a bit ov tape zeemingly, an' they goes into th'ouse an' I zees en luken outer winder an' up 'pon the rufe an' orl auver the place.

Tu last, they digs a hole en the middle ov the lawn an' putts the pole in en, an' vixes en up orl vitty wi wires zo's to hold en. That's a queer start, I thinks. Maister Brimmicombe auver tu Ashburton cud a put he in, wi'out getting volks down vrom Exter tu do et. But they diden putt no vlag up, no fy; inzted, wan ov'em climbs up the pole an' vixes a bit ov wire 'pon the top. Then they vixes tother end tu the rufe.

Then they vixes another bit ov wire in dru parlour winder an' another bit in a 'ole en the ground were they drows a lot ov ol iron. Arter a bit, I zees en comin out ov house wi' Zquire an' I 'ears en zaying 'twas vurry satisfactory. I opens goat vor en an' axes en wot they've been up tu.

"Vixen a wireless," wan ov em zays.

"Aw, wot's that, then?" I zes.

"'Aven't ee 'eard tell 'bout that?" er zaith. "Wy, they can listen tu 'em talken up tu Lunnon wi' et."

"Garn, yu girt mumphead," I zes, "wy, yu 'even't take the wires down tu Post Office."

"Tean't necessary," er zes. An' they drives off.

Well, arter a bit, Zquire iself comes out and zes: "Pitter, wud ee like to 'ear the wireless?"

"Zure nuff, sir," I zes, thinking it best to 'umour en, as they say. Zo in I goes intu parlour an' ther wos a liddle box 'pon the table wi' tu lamps burning wi'out cosy vlames—like they 'ave en the shops tu Exter, an' there wos bits ov wire hanged tu mun an' zum uther boxes an' orl zorts ov vallals.

Zquire, 'e takes a sort ov shiny vrame wi' tu black tay-pot lids an' clape en up auver hes hade. An' 'e tulls me tu zit down an' du the zame wi' another ov' em. I cuden zee no zense tu et, but I putts en on—just tu 'umour 'im like—an' Zquire turns a liddl anole.

Law zakes! I pulls en orf purty quick an' nearly valls out ov my chair. "There's a earwig or zummat en mine," I zes, tryen to pick 'un out wi' a pin that I 'ad tu me slave.

Then I 'eard zummun talken. Zo I pulls 'en orf agen. "Beg pardon, Zquire, I cuden 'ear wot yu zed wi' this thing auver my ear-'oles."

"Tes orl right, Pitter," er zaith, "'twas zummun up tu Lunnon talken."

Zo then Zquire tries tu eggzplain tu me 'bout this yer wireless, but I cuden mek hed or tail ov et. Then I 'appened tu putt me hand on wan ov they liddle boxes an' zummat stung me poperly. I' ollers zay an' Zquire 'e larfs vit tu bust 'izzelf, an' zes I'e 'ad a shock.

Yu can tek my word—the devil's en et.

EARLY ADVENTURES IN WIRELESS.

My Pioneer Experiments in Broadcasting. By WILLIAM LE QUEUX, M.I.R.E.

I THINK I may justly claim to have been one of the earliest experimenters in the field of radio-telegraphy. In the earliest days I was only an interested spectator, seized by the mystery of wireless communication, yet it all happened by chance.

In the sun-blanched city of Leghorn—"sacred Livorno" we call it—to which I went for rest and quiet beside the sapphire Mediterranean and in order to think out plots of mystery stories and to write them, there lived at the time two youths who eventually became world-famous. One was the son of a small baker, named Mascagni, who wrote an opera. He called it "Cavalleria Rusticana," and when it was produced and won a prize at Naples, he had to be pushed on to the stage in his outdoor attire for he had no money to buy a dress suit. The other was a young man who lived with his mother, an Irish woman, in a spacious flat facing the sea—an apartment which I afterwards occupied—and whose name was Guglielmo Marconi.

How Marconi Triumphed.

At the base of a small hill beyond Ardenza a seaside suburb of Leghorn, is a hill called Monte Nero, on the summit of which is a much decorated Madonna to whom pilgrimages are made, and it was at the base of this hill where young Marconi made his first experiments in wireless-telegraphy—as he thought—through the hill, without wires.

I watched those experiments with greatest interest. The young inventor naturally offered his discovery to the Italian Government, and I recollect his despair when it was declined. No money could be raised in Italy to develop what was declared to be a "freak invention." But at last, after many rebuffs, an agreement was one day signed at the British Consulate in Leghorn, where I was present, and Marconi afterwards came to England to demonstrate his success and to become world-famous as the inventor of the system which bears his name.

It was then that his mother gave up her flat facing the sea, and I became its occupant. I remained there several years and wrote some of my books in the room Marconi had occupied.

It was, I suppose, but natural that I should have retained an interest in wireless since I was present and had watched its early stages. Ever since those days I have dabbled in it in my spare time, possessing various sets, coherers, magnetic and electrolytic detectors, and various other gear.

News for the North Sea.

About twelve years ago I set up a spark station on the cliff between Cromer and Sheringham and, by permission of the Post Office and Admiralty, used regularly to transmit news each night to the Cross Sands Lightship, in the middle of the North Sea. My masts were ninety feet high, and my double aerial 320 feet long. Within a week a great gale came, and one of my masts blew down and smashed. Undeterred, I put up another, and the station was worked officially at the outbreak of war.

After the war I set out to endeavour to accomplish what had not hitherto been done, namely, long-distance radio-telephony. A few telephone sets had been used by aeroplanes, but telephony was still in its infancy.

With two wireless enthusiasts, Mr. E. P. Brown and Mr. F. A. Love, I set up the experimental station 2AZ at Guildford, in order to try and solve the difficulty of long-distance telephony. It was no easy task; nor was it a cheap one. In 1919 the apparatus we had was all very crude, and our data scanty and unreliable.

Months passed. I gave up my profession as novelist and devoted my whole time to my laboratory until it became a mass of apparatus and a great tangle of wires.

For six months I, with my assistants, both of whom are well-known in the world of wireless, together with Mr Duncan Sinclair, of the Air Ministry, and others, worked daily with various apparatus and circuits, burning out expensive transmitting valves, piercing condensers, ruining microphones, and experiencing other misfortunes. Still no result!

From listeners in London and in various towns in the north, reports came in that music

William Le Queux.

Mr. William Le Queux, the writer of this article, is one of the best-known novelists of the day. He is also a leading authority on criminology and has travelled all over the world.

Very few people are aware that Mr Le Queux was one of the pioneers of wireless telegraphy and telephony and one of the very first to experiment in this country. He was a pioneer too, in the work of broadcasting music and "talks" on various subjects.

sounds could be heard, but no word was distinguishable beyond a muffled "Hallos! 2AZ calling!" Weeks went on, valve after valve was tried, condenser after condenser, choke after choke, till I confess that more than once I stood in my laboratory in despair. Then I resolved to alter my wave-length to a thousand metres.

Success at Last!

The whole business seemed utterly hopeless and my friends were declaring that I was a fool, when, one morning, I received a letter from an amateur in Manchester congratulating me upon my success. He had heard distinctly some nursery rhymes I had spoken into the microphone on the previous night.

Imagine my joy! This letter, followed by dozens of others from amateurs in various parts of the country, was encouragement to get the set to function more perfectly and to attain to greater distances, till one day I received a report from the operator at Inchkeith, on the Firth of Forth, four hundred and twenty miles from Guildford, and lastly from the well-known amateur, Mr G. W. O. Bennie, of Peterculter, Aberdeen, five hundred and fifty miles distant. At last I had succeeded in establishing a station which transmitted speech and music over a long distance on low power.

Then I commenced to inaugurate nightly gramophone concerts and talks to amateurs, all of which, I believe, were greatly appreciated as the first attempt to broadcast, badly modulated and uncertain though it was.

During our heart-breaking experiments we had adventures grave and gay. On one occasion, after we had "got going," I was asked by a lecturer, who, in association with the Marconi Company, was lecturing up and down the country upon radio-telephony and giving demonstrations, to speak to him at a lecture he was giving to a big audience at Newcastle. We tested our apparatus during the afternoon, and found all O.K. Mr. Ditcham, at the Chelmsford Station, heard us and reported excellent. Newcastle is three hundred miles from Guildford. The hour arrived when I should speak. The generator was humming merrily, when handing an accumulator clumsily I upset some acid over my clothes. I let fly some forcible and unparliamentary language, when next second I realised to my horror that my friend Love had already put in the transmitting switch! Afterwards I learnt that the lecturer had announced that I would speak and all was silence, whereupon from the loud-speaker came my unprintable expression.

Hoaxing a Booster.

On another occasion, while transmitting, my pet Pomeranian, who yaps fiercely at every stranger, discovered a visitor in the wireless room and immediately attacked him. The result was an animated scene, all of which together with the visitor's forcible remarks, came out on the loud speaker to a startled audience at St. Albans.

One night, when the young Crown Prince of Johore—known as "Bifi" to his intimates—was at my microphone, speaking to his brother Ahmed, an Oxford undergraduate, who was listening upon a set in Ipswich, his first words were: "Hallos! I'm Bifi—speaking from 2AZ." Whereupon an amateur tapped out, in Morse: "2AZ. If your friend is Beefy he needn't tell us so. Who is he?" Please reply.

Within ten miles of my house there lived a boastful amateur [illegible] range of reception upon a single valve. At the moment the [illegible] tests were in progress. The amateur in question had told me so many fairy tales about his reception that I resolved to play a joke upon him. So one night I put my wave-length up to over 2,000 metres, put in all my power, and assuming my best Italian announced that I was speaking from Coltano, in Italy, and calling Stavanger in Norway. I gave him a few lines from Dante as test, and asked for an acknowledgment.

Next day my amateur friend was telling everyone that he had heard telephone transmission from Coltano, and he has never been disillusioned, unless he reads these lines.

A Mistake about Love.

Another laughable incident, which I have recounted in my recent book of reminiscences "Things I Know," happened one night when I called 2BX, and mentioned my friend Love by name, whereupon some unknown amateur in Rotterdam cocked me by Morse, and asked in French, "What is that about love? Please repeat." And next moment another message was flashed out to me, I believe by a professional operator, saying: "Love to the girls also!" This created quite a disturbance in the ether until a Government station—I believe it was Aldershot—grew angry, and told the delinquents to "shut up."

My experiments showed that amateur long distance transmission was possible by the choke control method, for during 1920 I had several hundreds of amateurs listening nightly to my gramophone records, extracts from the papers, and from an amusing book upon etiquette.

Biddy and the Wireless.

A Dream and its Sequel. By F. W. Thomas.

Mr. F. W. Thomas is the famous humorist of "The Star" and "Tit-Bits."

WE were in mid-ocean. [illegible] and the good ship, *Eucalyptus* was shipping 'am green.

Screaming like Maenads, the white-topped waves hurled themselves at us, sweeping the decks from end to end, until I thought every minute would be our next.

Suddenly an extra large one came aboard, [illegible] at the mouth, and before I could say "Knife," or even "Jack Robinson," there was Mr. Otis K. Glumph struggling in our wake.

To leap overboard was the work of a moment, or maybe even less. One loses a bit count of time on these occasions, I have noticed.

Grasping the millionaire by the pants, I swam quickly towards the liner, climbed up the after sponson, and fell fainting on the binnacle, wet through to the skin, if not further.

A Little Cheque.

When I came round, we were sitting in the purser's cabin.

"Say, Mister Tarmac," said the millionaire, that was what I call real nice of you. I've got an idea you saved my life, though I'm sahry to say you knocked off my tartan-shell glasses. Cost me ten dollars in Mol'sin Hat only a month ago, those glasses did. However, it can't be helped now, and don't think I'm ungrateful.

"Otis K. Glumph mayn't be of much account in the world, but he's worth just a helluva lot to Otis K. Glumph, believe me. So what about a little cheque?

Borrowing the purser a fountain-pen, he began to write. First a five, then a nought, and another nought, and another, and another, and anoth——

Bangity-bangity-bang!

D'you know it's nearly half-past-eight?"

First a five, then a nought, and another nought, and another—

You know, that sort of thing *does* make me so mad.

Butting right into the middle. Where's that other beastly sock?—right into the middle—But what have you done with all the soap?—into the middle of a beautiful dream like that.

Another minute—Where the dickens is my tooth brush?—Another minute, and I'd have had that cheque in my pocket. Instead of which, you come barging into my dreams—How about that shaving water? Two hours ago I shouted for it!—barging into my dreams and spoiling everything.

And here am I, fresh from a watery grave, with my trousers shrunk all to nothing, and that American guy gets off without paying a cent!

Don't talk to me! I say don't talk to me! I won't have it!

Oh, I was in a sweet temper. Five million [illegible] flare gone west; and instead of a life on the ocean wave, there was the same old cabin room, the same old Thursday morning, the same old smell of bacon and toast drifting upstairs. . . . Bah! And not only Bah, but Pish as well!

Five million dollars. . . . Where's that confounded shaving brush? Why isn't it in the mug where I put it? Five million—— I'd have let the poor boob drown if I'd known as much as I do now.

And there's that fat-headed postman delivering letters across the road. Always delivering letters, that man is! Why the dickens can't he deliver parcels sometimes for a change? Or nanny goats, or old boots, or elephants?

And this shaving water's ice cold as usual. [illegible] More lather . . . Slap-slap-slap, twizzle-wizzle-whizzle. And look at that [illegible] in the glass. Always the same old mug, every [illegible] Grrrh!

"Morning!" she said. "What's all this?"

Look here," I said to myself. "I'm the best [illegible] of good carrying on like that [illegible] reverend in the glass. You'll only [illegible] and cut a lump off and then it won't be the same [illegible] For better grin and bear it."

So I grinned and bore it, and the grin spread and spread and little by little I began to feel better. Then, while I was stropping the razor, I made up a little song all about my troubles, and sang it to the tune of "In and out the window."

A Heartening Ditty.

Maybe you know it, but if not, it's the same tune as "Mary burnt the pancakes." Thus:—

Blow the old 9.30.
Blow the old 9.30
Blow the old 9.30,
And blow the 10.2 too!

There are several other verses, dealing in the same manner with eggs and bacon, toast and coffee, trousers buttons, and work and worry and anything else that happened to get on my nerves.

A most heartening ditty, and one that I can thoroughly recommend for the liver.

In the middle of the nineteenth verse, which followed the cosmic system, my friend Biddy tapped at the window. . . . Perhaps you don't know Biddy; she used to be a starling, but many years of sitting on chimney pots has turned her into a blackbird.

"Morning!" she said. "What's all this? Oh, I see. You're singing. I thought at first it was cats. Then I said to myself, 'He's had one of those wireless things laid on and the concert is now showing.' So I came along to have a look.

Too Dangerous.

I'm rather interested in those contraptions, and want to learn more about 'em. You see it's like this, Mr. Thomas. Gilbert—he's my husband, you know. No—not the one I had last year. That was Ronald. I haven't seen him for months. But Gilbert has been mooning about all this week, looking for an eligible site for a nest, and the place we've decided on is up at No. 14.

Quite nice people, with two small children [illegible] But they've got one of those [illegible] garden, and I was wondering——"

"No, I shouldn't do that if I were you, Biddy," I said. "It's too dangerous. Why only a week or two before Christmas I heard of a [illegible] was left to a lady crew through one [illegible]

"She was sitting on the wire, digesting a worm—a wireless wirworm it was—when somebody started broadcasting Mendelssohn's Spring Song. And believe me or believe me not, the poor girl was so affected that she flew straight home and laid a couple of eggs. Months before their time. And, of course, they both died.

Then there's another thing. Suppose you do settle down there and bring up a family, the poor little chaps won't get a wink of sleep.

Every evening, just as you've tucked them in, this B.B.C. business will start and wake 'em all up again.

It Wouldn't Do.

Hello, hello, hello! Two bellos! Miss Beatrice Gurgle will now sing you that pathetic [illegible] I do like an egg for my tea." Stand by [illegible], for Miss Beatrice Gurgle.

That's the sort of thing, you know; and I don't think it would do at all. Especially if they turned on any of this syncopated stuff. Some of those over-ripe American tunes will addle an egg at twenty yards.

No, I'm afraid that's off," said Biddy, after thinking it over for a bit. "However, there's quite a nice little place a few doors further up where the two Misses Mingle live. I heard them telling the vicar that they don't hold with all these wireless goings on and what-not, so I reckon we shall be all right there.

"And thank you very much for telling me. A nice disgrace it would be, after I'd brought my children up well, and turned 'em out into the world, to find them sitting in one of those maple trees, singing some American comic song they'd picked up off the wire.

But you'll have to excuse me now. I can see my Gilbert in the next garden with a five inch worm, and what's his is mine, you know. [illegible]

—:—

As giving an idea of the amazing rapidity of wireless, it is interesting to note that it has been computed that the time taken for a word to reach New York from London is approximately one-seventieth-part of a second!

—:—

A WONDERFUL CASE.

Hullo, Listeners! Here is a piece of news you will be glad to hear. How often have you been listening to a programme when the announcer has made a remark you would like to remember—either about some fascinating experiment in the wonders of wireless or some feature of future programmes? The programme continues and you forget the necessary details. Perhaps it is an item of news you would like to pass on to others—the announcer starts talking of mill-bars, and at once your mind is absorbed puzzling out this wonderful measure [illegible]

You want something at hand to help you. Why not get a *Radio Times* reading cover which the publishers of the official organ have just issued? It is bound in stiff cloth, gilt lettered, with pencil always ready in a slot at the side. Apart from enabling you to make notes, the case will thoroughly protect your copy. Every issue is handled over and over again for a whole week and is bound to look shabby before the next [illegible] is operative. The cost is only 2s. 6d. from where you purchase your *Radio Times*, or 2s. 9d. post free from the publisher 8-11, Southampton Street, W.C.

Oh! you have one! Well, you know its worth, so adopt a suggestion and give one to your Radio" friends as a Christmas or New Year [illegible]

Sam Weller Broadcasts!

Heard at the Cook's Christmas Party.

Hullo everybody! You will now hear Mr. Sam Weller making an after-dinner speech.

"LADIES and Gents all, I hope and trust you have made a good 'un-ner, as Christopher Columbus remarked ven he landed on the Cannibal Islands. Cert'nly, if you haven't, you've not lived up to your oppor-tunities.

"Ve all have to thank Mary, the cook, not only for a-making of this scrumptious repast, but also for inviting of us all to share her hospitality, and if ever you see a more perfecter picter of blooming 'ealth-a-setting on a Windsor chair, all I can say is I'd like to see her.

Better Late than Never.

"Well, fust of all, let me wish you a Merry Christmas and many of 'em, vich is p'raps a bit late in the day; but better late than never, as the Old Maid said ven she bought her marriage license with her Old Age Pension. If you ain't had much of a Christmas up to now, by the time the cuckoo-clock on the B.B.C. you'll 'ave had enough dancing to last you for a week, vich vos the identical remark made by the girl vot had broken the record and nailed two partners and the trombone player in the band.

"But, vile we are 'ere [illegible] and gents, there's a whole lot [illegible] not so much as a sparrer for dinner—[illegible] a sixteen pound turkey, with [illegible] stuffin' and apple-sauce, not to mention the pudden to follow. I don't vant to interjooce a jarring note, as the man said ven he stopped a cats' concert with arf a brick, but I shouldn't be a-doin' of my dooty, if I didn't mention this fact, as the man said ven he told the gent he'd just a-finished paintin' the seat vot he vos a-sittin' on in the park.

An Easy Matter.

It's worry easy to ferget all about the darkness ven you've a hundered thousand candles a-shining like a couple o' sixteen-cylinder forty horse power suns, and a-makin' cook's face as radiant as a copper's face ven he's chased a burglar three miles and a half. It's only ven you go out into the dark yourself as you begins to know about it, as the rate-payer said ven he missed the top step o' the coal-cellar an' discovered Jupiter and seventy-nine thousand five hundred an' sixteen other stars an' planets.

"So I begs to propose that we gather up the fragments that remain, as the prize-fight referee said ven he'd counted ten twice an' send 'em, with our muted love—as the young feller remarked to the pretty girl ven her poodle's head had gone five times round him an' three times round her, and the poodle vos still a-chasin' o the cat—to the vidder over the way, vot has a large family and a small income, same as vot Noah had ven he vos in the Ark.

A Hearty Toast.

"And now I give you the toast o' the evening, and may it always be vell browned and vell-buttered, and may there always be plenty of it, with a bit o' jam to go with it to give it a relish, vich is vot the hen-pecked man said ven his wife made him help with a spring-cleaning every Monday, Wednesday, an' Friday, remove his boots on the front-door mat on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays, and gave him sixpence for the football match on Saturdays to get him out o' the way.

So I bid you rise, and drink the werry good 'ealth o' Mary the Cook, with vich I associate Santer Claus, Father Chris'mas, Saint Nicholas an' all the other good old johnnies vot never forgets the CHILDREN."

IN THE PRE-B.B.C. PERIOD.

Ye Broadcaster

Ye Listener

Mr. Poddleby Erects His Aerial.

THE erection of an aerial mast is a very simple business, if we are to believe those wireless writers whose mission in life seems to be to tell us how easy it is to do difficult jobs. You know the fellows I mean. They say, airily, "Nothing could be simpler than to make the secondary of the transformer. Wind 15,000 turns of wire——" Fifteen thousand! Ye gods! After hearing what my friend Poddleby has to say on the subject I am rather inclined to doubt the bit about aerials, too.

Look out for Squalls.

Possibly the chappie who wrote it does not live in a desirable residence in which the only way into the garden is via the hall or lobby (the unrefined call it simply a passage) from the front door to the back. You need not tell me that such a residence is not desirable. They all are. If you disbelieve me, ask my house agent.

But should you be the proud occupier of a messuage or hereditament designed on these lines, then you can look out for squalls when your young hopefuls decide, as they are bound to do, that the time has come for the family to launch its frail barque out on to the troubled seas of wireless. Poddleby, who does not do rushing into new things, was quite taken aback when young Chris and his brother Sam arrived home for the Christmas holidays with a wireless set, a forbidding thing all over knobs and handles and other excrescences that they had perpetrated together in the school workshop. He was taken afront on the following day when hearing a commotion without he opened his study door to see what the matter was, and on issuing forth, received the butt end of a stout larch pole fairly in the bracket.

"Saved the Clock."

The force of the blow was a little softened by his hat. I do not mean that Poddleby was wearing his hat upon his waistcoat. It had been swept from its peg during the battering ram progress of the pole, and perched on the end of it at a rather rakish angle served as a cushion. It is not good for hats to act as cushions.

"Splendid, dad," cried the lads. "Topping of you. You just saved the clock."

Poddleby groaned. He had lots to say but no wind to say it with, which was perhaps as

(Continued overleaf.)

LISTENING !

MR. PODDLEBY.

(Continued from the previous page.)

well. Seeing his d[illegible]ress, his progeny dropped the pole incontinently and rushed to his assistance. By the [illegible] that [illegible] it from his pet corn he was [illegible]

Poddleby is one of those noble fellows who enter most keenly, especially at such times as Christmas, in all the interests of their offspring. He once nearly smoked himself into a nervous breakdown in his anxiety to keep up with their demands for cigarette pictures. Sometimes he shares their pastimes a little too thoroughly to win their full approval. They have been known to complain that his enthusiasm for showing them how to catch butterflies and to mount stamps is such that they never get a look in. In fact, they talked darkly at one time of presenting him with a stamp album of his own to play with.

On this occasion his assistance as the unskilled labourer was welcome, and as soon as he had recovered from the first rude shock of his introduction to practical wireless he gave it ungrudgingly. Between them, they accomplished the remainder of the mast's passage perilous with singularly few casualties all things considered. True, the nose of a plaster bust of the late lamented Beethoven was annihilated, but the boys were unanimous that he was far better-looking without it. A large hole, too, appeared in the glass of a case of stuffed birds, which had long looked as though a little ventilation would be beneficial.

Once out in the garden, all was plain sailing, save for one tense moment when shipwreck seemed imminent. The *rôle* of the bows of a storm-driven vessel was played by the end of the pole and that of a rock by the greenhouse. Greenhouses are constitutionally unsuited to enacting the part of rocks; but what after all is a pane more or less when the serious business of wireless is toward?

Where are we going to put it up? queried Poddleby, a little breathless from his unwonted labours. Chris was emphatic that the centre of the asparagus bed, the light of Poddleby's eyes, was the only possible spot. Sam held silently that it was essential to remove the cucumber frame and to utilise its late site. Poddleby was strongly in favour of a place near the rubbish heap till it was pointed out to him that this would involve cutting down the pear [illegible], if the [illegible]

"Doing His Bit."

Eventually a compromise was reached by Poddleby's ceding a corner of the strawberry bed, and the allies went to work with a will to consolidate the occupied territory. They dug. Chris dug, Sam dug, Poddleby dug. Even Pereva [illegible] caught the fever. Retiring to a quiet corner he uprooted a promising young rose bush which he laid lovingly at his master's feet just to show that he, too, was doing his bit.

Deeper and deeper grew the hole; stiffer and stiffer grew Poddleby's back. Sam had promoted himself, as fathers will, from his original post as unskilled labourer to a cushy staff job as director of operations. At four good feet, the lads cried hold, enough. All was now ready. The great moment had come for the Poddleby mast to leave its inglorious recumbency and to rear its head proudly into the higher ether.

Together they lifted it from the ground, Chris at the thin end, Sam at the middle with Poddleby occupying the strong manly post at the butt. They bore it towards the hole, Poddleby walking backwards whilst the lads steered with encouraging cries. If ever another aerial has to be erected, Poddleby is quite firm that he will do the steering, for it was he and not the mast that found the hole at the first shot.

A Proud Monument.

When he had removed large portions of the garden from his clothes and had treated his left eye with raw steak, operations were continued. This time, there was no contretemps. The butt was lowered into its resting place. The family heaved and hauled and pushed and pulled until it stood upright. Poddleby and Sam held it whilst Chris filled in the hole with brick-ends, stones and earth.

There it stood, a proud monument to the [illegible] energy and skill. A test-[illegible] that [illegible] and even the [illegible] [illegible] Mr. Poddleby [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] summoned [illegible] [illegible] their backwork.

It was just at this splendid moment of triumph that Blinkinowl, who lives next door, put his head over the fence.

"Hallo," he called, "got a tame chimpanzee?"

"Chimpanzee?" said Poddleby, mystified. "No, of course not. Why?"

"Oh, I was just wondering how you were going to attach your halliards to the top of that pole without—"

* * * *

Those asterisks have a lot of work to do in representing what Poddleby said, they have still more to do in conveying what in the presence of a lady and of his progeny he could not say. The boys describe his only utterance as an *ezva yell!*

R. H. Warson

PANTO PLUMS.

Songs that Might be Sung.

THIS year has been mixed to the writers of "words" for pantomime songs. The [illegible], it can be taken for granted, will be up to the usual standard, but the topical "word" writers have been forestalled of their topics. The General Election should have taken place a month later and then the writers of pantomime verse—sorry I should have said words"—would have been in clover.

Still, if they have any originality left broadcasting will save their bacon.

How about something like the following for a slap up-to-date sentimental song? It would knock 'em when sung by the charming principal boy at Brewery Lane:—

O come with me a-listening, love
O heart of mine
Let's float amid the ether, love,
With arms atwine
With souls attune.
O rose of June,
Our love like crystals be,
Give ear, my pearle
To my wireless speech
And listen with me, pet

Chorus

You've set my valves a-[illegible]
My head piece in a whirl
So turn your ear-piece to [illegible]
My wondrous wireless girl

A Guaranteed Success.

Then there's that most essential of all pantomime songs—the domestic lyric sung by the red-nosed comedian. The following can be guaranteed to set the whole of London in [illegible]

When [illegible] hanging washing on the aerial,
[illegible]
And [illegible] of someone's early burial
When weighing rain words are broadcast low and high

Chorus

So never hang your washing on the aerial,
Always hang it on the proper wire.
For father's a loud speaker,
And mother is no meeker
So Mondays give an extra-stern glower
If you want peace and quiet,
I'll tell you how to buy it.
Never hang your wash
For there's [illegible]
When mother hangs her washing on the aerial.

For when the concert is just but beg[illegible]
The linen on the line wakes from [illegible]
And [illegible]
In [illegible]
sounds asleep

Chorus

So never hang your washing, etc.

A Wireless Variation.

The song of the dish, I am sad to say, must be ignored this year. But how does this go for a wireless variation of the heart-throb coon jazz number

Dear old granny,
Way up in Kamschatka,
Sweet old granny,
Will roses round the door
Though we've parted twenty years,
Keep on smiling, dry your tears,
And listen in to B.B.C.,
You listen-in same time as me
To "Home, Sweet Home."

A [illegible] to a weekly paper, writes: enthusiasts in Norway have heard the bagpipes broadcast from Aberdeen. It should be pointed out that the proper quarter in which to prefer this complaint is the League of Nations.—*From "Punch."*

WIRELESS WITHOUT WAILS.

Unofficial Advice. By C. L. Everard.

THE trouble with wireless, I suppose, is the [illegible] of the ordinary [illegible], or [illegible] gardener [illegible]. Of course, I am thinking, not of the Machiavellian mutt who hires an electrical engineer to fix up his set for him and lives more or less happily ever after—"atmospherics" excepted. I refer rather to the guileless amateur who, in his passion for radio-telephony, decides to rig up his own set.

He finds himself with a workman's portion of gadgets in one hand and a foreign lingo in the other, so to speak. With coils to the right of him, amps to the left of him, and microfarads raking him fore and aft, he begins to feel sorry that he was born into the Wireless Age.

What They Missed.

This is a great pity, because the radio business is a great scientific discovery—and then some. Think of what our forefathers missed by not waiting for the advent of Senatore Marconi. To take but one instance: had Christopher's frail bark been fitted with wireless, Columbus could have been ordered to return to port immediately there was any danger of his discovering America, with the result that half of the present population of that country would not be put to the expense of buying "hooch" from the other half. The noble Red Man would still be roaming the boundless prairie, instead of camping at the Crystal Palace and cursing our curious climate.

No, if wireless is to become really popular we must simplify the book of the words, as it were. What we need is a sort of Esperanto, so that he who runs wires can read. We must, in effect, make it possible for the amateur to employ non-technical language, instead (as is too often the case, alas!) of unprintable language.

Full of Pitfalls.

I don't profess to know how it can be done. One might, perhaps, try the conversational listen-to-me-when-I'm-telling-you form. Something like this, maybe:—

ME: The first thing to be done in setting up a broadcasting set is to purchase umpteen yards of copper wire.

YOU (not a bit helpfully): But I thought you said it was to be a wireless set.

ME (with extreme self-control): Wireless telephony, my dear ox, is called wireless because it calls for an appreciable amount of wire less than ordinary telephony.

HIS FIRST RADIO CONCERT

Announcer: "*All those who have enjoyed that marvellous saxophone solo as just played by Ignatz Blonsky, the uncrowned king of the jazz world, will please write their appreciation to the Station, No. 20, Bush Street.*

Cottager: "*I thought there'd be some catch in the dern thing. Now I've got to write a letter.*"

YOU (asking for it with both hands): But why, my dear Me, why are less wires——

But at this point I should arise with great dignity and slay you. And the British Broadcasting Companionage would be one listener the less. No, I'm afraid the conversational style is full of pitfalls, not to say, short-circuits.

A Broadcaster's Baedeker.

On the other hand, it might be possible to compile some sort of Guide for Guileless Amateurs. A sort of Broadcaster's Baedeker, or Wireless Without Wails, if you understand what I mean. As a matter of fact I put this idea up to a friend of mine the other day.

He promised to think it over, and retired to his wattle hut in Wandsworth, or Wimbledon, or wherever he has his earthly habitation. Yesterday he turned up again and announced that he had been engaged in the interim in compiling what he called a Child's Guide to Wireless. As his bedside book is Ruff's Guide to the Turf, I was not altogether unprepared for his little effort. But you may as well have it. Here it is, then:

"A Child's Guide."

ACCUMULATOR.—A racing term. A system whereby the punter loses money to the bookmaker, as against the ordinary system of betting, whereby the bookmaker wins money from the punter.

AMP. See Amplifier.

AMPLIFIER. The fellow who returns full of amps after a day's fishing. There is a shorter name for him, and it happens to rhyme.

ATMOSPHERICS.—A pale blue sound, smelling of fireworks. Usually noticeable when getting home late from the club.

BATTERY. A battery may be either dry or wet. If it is wet, it is wet; on the other hand, if it is dry it is probably American. See also: Assault and.

CAT'S WHISKER.—(Note by my compiler: "This has got me guessing. Probably some relation to the Hair of the Dog.")

CRYSTAL.—See Panee.

COIL.—Usually referred to as This Mortal Coil. Something shuffled off by Hamlet or somebody.

DETECTOR.—A detector, as its name implies, is nothing more nor less than a detecter, my dear Watson!

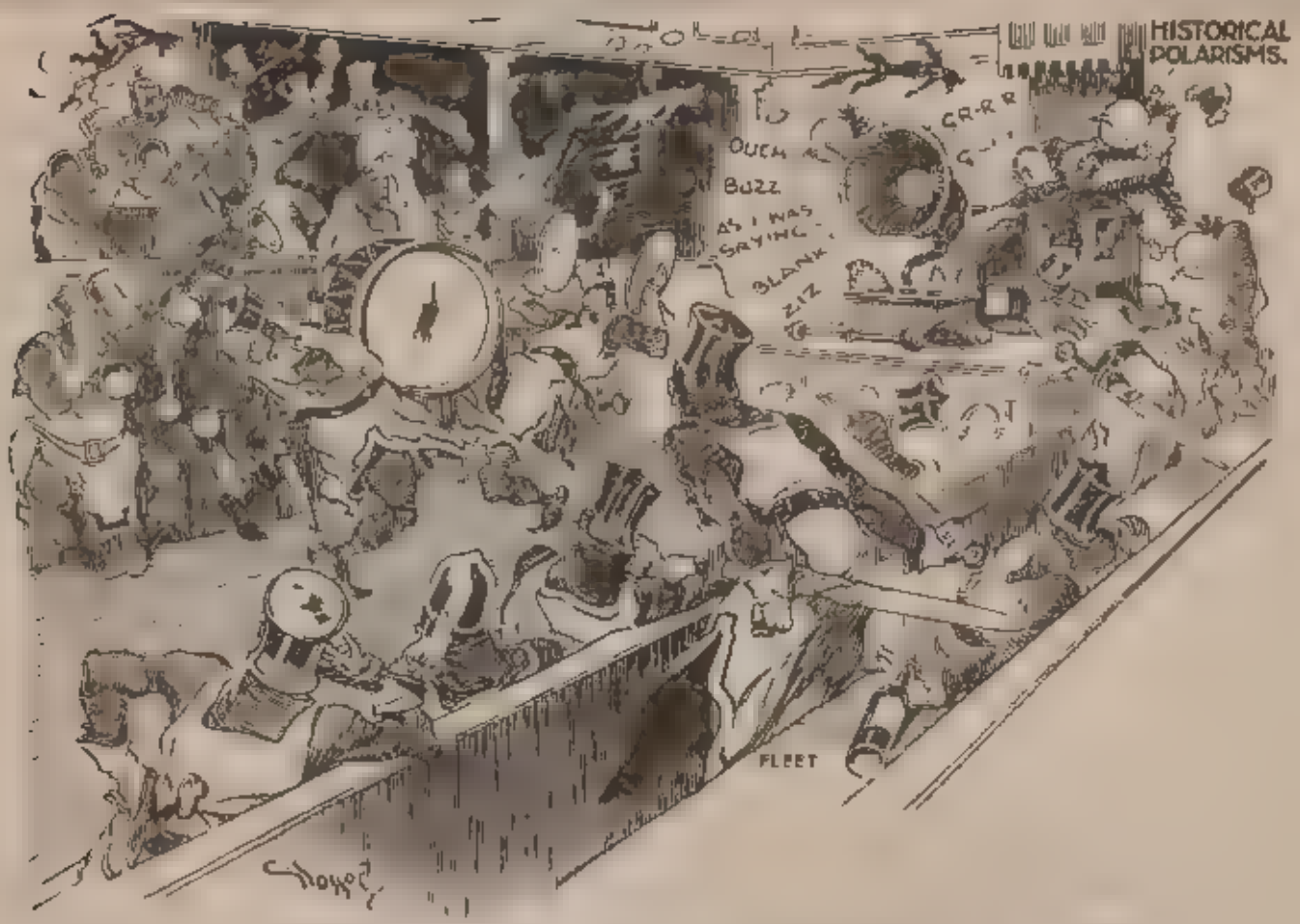
EARTH.—A revolving sphere, warmed by the sun and owned by Mr (here insert name of prominent politician for whom you have the least time). A place you feel like nothing on, on the morning after the night before.

He is Still Alive!

"My dear chap," said I to my friend, "this simply won't do, you know. It's all wr[illegible] What I mean to say is——" But the pun, unabashed, bade me read on. I skipped a few pages and came

OHM (pronounced Ohm). So-called from Ohm, who invented the Ohm, hence the phrase "an Ohm from Ohm." Is easily demonstrated and succeeds chiefly on rheostats. It has also been known, when angry by hunger, to feed on alternating currents.

It was at this point that I returned him the manuscript and told him [illegible] I [illegible] him, at the [illegible] House Surgeon, when I looked in at St. T[illegible] this morning, told me that he was going on as well as could be expected.



It was once said of a man that his ear for music was so bad that he only knew the National Anthem, and that because he observed other people standing up! But he was an exception—appreciation of music is practically universal, and good music well rendered, whether opera, song or dance, is a source of continual pleasure and entertainment.

The B.B.C. provides good music, popularly varied, [illegible] and you may have it faithfully reproduced, as it should be, by installing the

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MR. NORMAN LONG.

MR. LOUIS HERTEL.

MR. FRED SPENCER.

MR. WILLIAM E. HALLMAN

MR. FODEN WILLIAMS.

MR. CHARLES W. WREFORD

Our Funniest Stories.

Told by the Leading Wireless Entertainers.

THE CHILD IDEA.—BY JACK MILLARD.

MY little boy Roy (four years old), has a special regard for his "Uncle Rex," and becomes exceedingly curious, and inquisitive during the Children's Hr.

One day, when Uncle Rex had answered his numerous postcards from the children, he turned to me and said: "Daddy, where is Uncle Rex?

I told him that he was speaking on the wireless. (*Pause.*

What is 'the wireless,' daddy?" pointing to the receiving-set.

I informed him that the wires went through the window frame and along the garden to the top of that tall pole at the end, and that Uncle Rex's voice came along the wire into the room.

After a few moments' reflection, he said "Oh! Then is Uncle Rex *up the pole?*

MAKING SURE. BY NORMAN LONG.

ONE of the funniest stories I know concerns a Dutchman. The Dutch have the reputation of being very economical and very careful in watching the details of domestic affairs, no matter how small.

"Henry," called a Dutch father.

"Vat?" answered the son.

"Run and count dem geese again and see

"All right."

Henry went, Henry returned.

"Henry," said the father.

"Vat?" said the son.

"Did you count dem geese again, Henry?"

"Yes."

How many vas dey, Henry?"

"Vun."

"Dat's right, Henry."

THEN THE POLICEMAN SMILED. BY LOUIS HERTEL.

RECENTLY, I broadcast from 2LO a number of my own entitled "Brighter Broadcasting." This was a burlesque, during the course of which two characters, *viz.*, a charlady, and her landlady, were "having a few words"—both characters being played by myself.

A friend 'phoned me the next day to tell me that he had witnessed a humorous occurrence as the result of my performance. It would appear that a wireless accessory shop in the S.W. district makes a feature of a loud speaker, which is so placed that passers-by can hear the selections.

I gather that a crowd of about fifteen people, my friend amongst them, was congregated on the pavement listening to my number, when a conscientious constable, misled by the voices from the loud-speaker, concluded that the crowd was caused by two old ladies quarrelling, and proceeded to clear the pavement with an "Here! What's all this fuss? Pass along, now."

He naturally realized his mistake as soon as he came directly in range of the loud-speaker, and my friend remarked that the constable's broad smile, as he passed on to leave the crowd in peace, was eloquent testimony of his keen sense of humour.

WHAT HE MISSED. BY FRED SPENCER.

THE other day, I invited a friend round to listen. It was his first experience of wireless, and I wanted to impress him, so I settled him in the biggest armchair, placed the whisky bottle and tobacco-jar at his elbow, and turned on the loud speaker.

It was a particularly brilliant programme that evening, and for two hours we were thoroughly entertained. When they had closed down, I turned to my friend, who had not spoken a word the entire time.

"There!" I said, proudly, "what do you think of *that*, Mac? A complete variety programme—singers, instrumentalists, comedian, opera, and dance music—all for nothing, what could you have more?"

"Aye," assented my friend, grudgingly, as he finished the whisky, "no sae bad—but we did na have any acrobats!"

THINKING THE SAME. BY WILLIAM E. HALLMAN.

TWO Irishmen, long enemies, met in the street one day. Said one:

"What's the sinse of two intilligint min goin' along year after year, like a couple of wildcats spittin' at each other? Here we live on the same block, an' 'tis a burnin' shame that we do be actin' like a couple of boobies. Come along wid yer and shake hands and we'll make up and be frinds." Which they did, and went to an adjacent saloon to cement the friendship with a glass of grog.

Both stood at the bar in silence, each with a drink of whisky in his hand. One looked at the other and said:

"What are you thinkin' about?"

The other replied: "O'im thinkin' the same thing that you are."

"So," said the first one, "ye're startin' agin, are yer?"

WHERE HE WAS WOUNDED.—BY FODEN [redacted]

I CANNOT say which is the funniest story I tell, but I can say which of my stories has "got the biggest laugh"—as we say in the profession.

It is a story founded on a true incident that happened during the war. I was appearing at a well-known music-hall in a Lancashire town. Just as I was preparing to go on the stage, all the lights went out, and the manager informed me that the wire had come through that "the Zeps were here, and could I go on and keep the audience interested in the dark?" I went on and I do my best.

On returning to my dressing-room, the dresser—a homely Lancashire woman—remarked to me in sympathetic tones:

"Do you know, Mr. Williams, my next-door neighbour she wed me a letter this morn that said her husband had been wounded."

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. Where?"

"Well," she replied, "I couldn't quite make it out in the letter. It said in 'th appendix.' Then she added, after a moment's reflection:

"I don't know where that is, but I know it's *somewhere in France.*"

I didn't smile at the time. But the next night I gave, amongst other items, an impression of two Lancashire women overheard talking in the street, and introduced the gist of my dresser's remarks as part of the conversation between the two women. The roar of laughter that "somewhere in France" created encouraged me to include the item in my repertoire for the rest of the week, and, indeed, for many weeks afterwards.

A HINT TO SOPRANOS.—BY CHARLES W. WREFORD.

ON the day after I had broadcast from the Marconi Station, I received the following "wireless wire" from Yatton, in Somerset:

"Heard last night how 'Jope' stood in pond to get low note, please inform how teach sopranos to reach high note."

To which I replied: "Let 'em stand on one leg—top rung of twenty-foot ladder."

ROUGH ON FATHER. BY PHILIP MIDDLEMISS.

I WAS spending the evening at a friend's house, and admiring his ingenious devices in the wireless line, all of them put together by himself. My friend, on the other hand, was endeavouring to express admiration for my humorous humour.

"To me it's wonderful," he said, "to be able to turn out such yards of patter."

"Not at all," I rejoined, with that modesty which characterises all true entertainers. "It's nothing like as clever as making these weird little gadgets. Do you really mean to tell me you make 'em all out of your own head?"

Whereupon, my friend's little daughter—a bright young thing of seven—broke in (her filial pride overcoming her shyness): "Yes, he does, and he's still got enough wood left to make a table."

(Continued overleaf (in col. 3.)

MY IDEAL WIRELESS SET.

By Ashley Sterne, the Popular Humorist.

THE wireless set I possess at present is really a very handsome affair; everything of the best, including the hole in the window frame through which the lead-in passes. My aerial is solid wire throughout, and very popular with the rooms, three of which, as I write, are examining with keen interest two pairs of socks and my other shirt, which a myopic menial has just hung up to dry thereon in mistake for the clothes line.

A Novel Tie-pin.

My crystal is a beautiful thing, best 24-carat referendum, and when not in use for listening purposes I wear it as a tie-pin or a centre-stud and try to imagine I'm Jolly Soel. My cat's whisker is so true to nature that the mice won't go near it, while my tuning-in coil is capable of such delicate adjustment that it will [illegible] enable me to pick up a Marcel permanent wave.

If I have a fault to find with my apparatus it is that the head-phones are liable to give me hot ears. I've got a 7¾ head, whereas my head-phones were apparently designed to be worn by [illegible] with an attenuated skull. However, I've made some ear-pads out of a couple of crumpets which afford considerable relief, and the risk of my contracting chronic radio-ear is now happily obliterated.

A Pleasing Ornament.

The complete instrument, mounted on a small pedestal table which reposes against the drawing room wall, between a stuffed bear holding a card tray and a life-size plaster cast of Ajax defying the lightning, forms a very pleasing ornament, and it is with no little pride that I nightly demonstrate its wonders and point out its beauties to my many Scottish friends and [illegible].

At the same time my installation is not all I would wish it to be. I want to make it a kind of ideal set which will cause other readers to go home and swallow their valves or garrot themselves with their aerials out of sheer envy. To this end I am conducting a series of experiments,

I shall be able to see my favourite uncle.

which, if brought to a successful issue, will add considerably to the pleasure of listening.

I possess, however, a very meagre knowledge of electricity, even of that sort that goes on wires all the way, while my knowledge of the wireless variety, and other, and Hertzian waves and so forth, is only comparable with an Angora goat's knowledge of the Nebular Hypothesis. Yet I feel if I potter about long enough with an accumulator in one hand, a condenser in the other, and a negative pole stuck behind my ear, I shall one day solve the problem of seeing the broadcasting chappy simultaneously with listening to him.

This will be a great advantage. I shall be able to see my favourite uncle, for instance, when he's telling me my bedtime story, and I feel perfectly certain that the moral of the Onoto who wanted to become a Swan will go home to me with far greater force when I can see his dear old owl, with its shiny bald head, three chins, and tufts of asparagus-fern whisker, than when, as at present, I have to sit with a Kruschen advertisement on my knee in order to conjure up a vision of him.

Then I'm at work on another device for chatting back with the studios. A few weeks ago somebody was telling us all about the instruments of the orchestra: how the oboe quacked like a duck, and the bassoon bellowed like the bull of Bashan, and how one could manipulate the double-bass so that it didn't go to the head. Well, that put me in mind of an awfully good story I once heard about a short-sighted old lady who used a trombone as a hair-slide and ate a whole flute in mistake for a stick of liquorice; and if I could only have got it through to the lecturer—well, the rest of the entertainment would have fallen as flat as an amateur tenor singing "Where my caramel has rusted."

Whereby a listener can hand up a bouquet.

Which reminds me that this new device of mine will enable us to encore things if we want to. The other night the band played that lovely little thing, "Rhapsody in A flat (with vacant possession)" by—I fanny—Giddy and Giddy and Giddy and Giddy. I clapped like any old thing. But did we have it again? No; we got a north-easterly gale and a waterspout allotted to us for to-morrow's weather instead.

Bouquets and Bricks.

Lastly, I am anxiously seeking some method whereby a listener can hand up a bouquet or heave a brick at the artiste who has specially delighted or annoyed him. At present we have no means of expressing our emotions at head quarters, and I am strongly of opinion that some device for laying our tributes at the artiste's feet or for smacking them across his face is urgently needed.

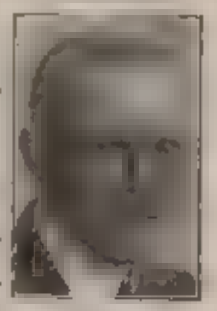
Some few months ago, you may remember, a ruffian with a name precisely similar to my own and looking exactly like me, only more so, broke into 2LO and broadcast something about installing a wireless set. Notwithstanding that he delivered it in more or less my own inimitable style, manner and Oxford Street accent, he was clearly a forgery. For instance, *his* voice was harsh and strident, like sand papering a rhinoceros; *mine* is soft and seductive, like mashed potatoes. *He* dropped all his h's; I could hear them crashing on the floor. *I* pronounce my aspirates so emphatically that they make the electric light flicker.

Now, had I only perfected the Sterne Tonkinetic Brick and Banana-Skin Projector that impudent impostor would have topped the bill at the next coroner's inquest. Unfortunately I have at present only invented the title; but have no fear my Ideal Wireless Set will come along one day.

Our Funniest Stories.

(Continued from the previous page.)

MADE ME FEEL SMALL.—BY GEORGE LUMB.



MR. GEORGE LUMB.

THE other day a friend came up to me and said: "Oh, George, I heard you on the wireless the other evening."

I inquired whether he enjoyed my performance.

He replied, in a somewhat indifferent tone: "Well, you weren't so bad," and seeing, perhaps, that I was a little hurt he went on "I can't say I thought much of your first song, but I did like the way you played your accompaniment."

Imagine my feelings when I had to explain that I do not play my accompaniments, but that the accompaniment in question was played by Mr Stanton Jefferies, conductor of the 2LO [illegible].

WHAT SHE THOUGHT.—BY VICTOR [illegible].

WHILST attending a demonstration of loud speakers, I was attracted by what I thought to be a great display of interest on the part of an old lady, and as she was on the safe side of fifty, I felt safe in approaching her.

I said: "Don't you think this very wonderful?" referring, of course, to the wireless demonstration. She replied "Um—yes! I suppose it is wonderful, but I expect it could have been done before if someone had thought of it in time."

After that, I crept stealthily away into a neighbouring tent, where I partook of several glasses of hot peppermint.

POSERS FOR THE UNCLES.—BY JOHN HENRY.

THERE is a boy engaged at 2, Savoy Hill, who has not a very high opinion of the Uncles' ability. He recently asked Uncle Jeff if he thought that Beethoven could have written a rag-time song as good as "Waiting" and Uncle Jeff said he didn't know.

Later, he asked Uncle Caractacus if he thought the "Spurs" were a better football team than Auntie Sophie could play the piano, and Uncle Caractacus said he didn't know.

The boy then went out and asked the liftman: "How the deuce did these fellers get to be uncles?"

VERY FISHY!—BY WILLIAM A. BATES.

[illegible]

WONDERFUL, the effects of these [illegible].

Having nothing else [illegible] other morning to the "ships that had passed in the night," when I heard the musical director at 5NO begin to practise for a pianoforte recital he was giving in the afternoon. (He always practises at the station, as it prevents the phone from getting sluggish, and, besides, perhaps they get tired of him at home.

After listening for some time, I suddenly saw a large bird, which had been resting on the aerial outside, give a flutter and fall to the ground. The musical director was still practising, so I rushed outside, picked up the bird, and noticed, to my amazement, that all its feathers had dropped off and in their place it had grown a crop *of scales!* Sounds fishy, but quite true!

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Conducted by UNCLE CARACTACUS, of London.

Merry Games and Tricks by Your Wireless Aunts and Uncles.

HULLO, CHILDREN! I expect you will love reading these games that the Aunts and Uncles have collected for you.

We all wish you all a very, very merry Christmas and a happy New Year, and hope that all of you will listen regularly during the coming year, and get as much pleasure out of it as you have done in the past.

Last Christmas we had fairy plays on Christmas Eve, and, as you will see from the programmes, all the various Uncles have not forgotten about you, and there is, I believe, lots of good fun in store—Punch and Judy part[illegible] and every sort of amusement for those [illegible]

"SIMON SAYS!"

By Uncle Rex of London.

Here is a rather jolly game which many of you may not know. It is called "Simon Says!" and you can play it with only three players, but, of course, the more the merrier.

A leader is chosen, whom you must all follow. Make fists of your hands with the thumbs extended, and when the leader says "Simon says thumbs up!" and does it himself all players must do likewise. The leader may then say "Simon says, thumbs down!" which he does, and all follow, or Simon says, thumbs wiggle waggle! when you must all follow his example and waggle your thumbs.

The catch comes when the leader does not say "Simon says!" He simply makes the movement with the words "Thumbs up!" "Thumbs down!" or "Wiggle waggle!" Then the players must keep their hands still and not follow the leader's example. Any player who follows him under such circumstances must become leader.

Try this when you are sitting round the Christmas fire. It's good fun.

"TWELVE PINS."

By Auntie Gladys, of Birmingham.

Borrow a shilling from somebody and put it on the table. Then take twelve pins and put them round it in a circle. Wager the owner of the shilling that he will not answer "Twelve pins" to three [illegible] you will ask him.

When he accepts, ask him his name. He will answer, "Twelve pins." "Where do you live?" you ask next, and again he will answer "Twelve pins." "Now," you say, "what will you accept for the coin on the table?" If he answers "Twelve pins,' you pick up the shilling and give him the pins. If he gives any other [illegible] he loses the wager.

In either case, you get the shilling; but it is best not really to keep it, as this game is only a joke meant to raise a laugh at the expense of the person who has made the wager with you.

THE MAGIC WAND.

By Auntie Betty, of Cardiff.

Who doesn't like a real game of "Blind Man's Buff"? I think we all do 'cepting the mothers and fathers, because they're always so afraid of one of their kiddies getting hurt, so I'm going to tell you how to solve the difficulty [illegible] The Magic Wand. Sounds thrilling, eh?

First of all, we want all the kiddiewinks in a circle, with the exception of one who is given the wand and placed in the centre of the circle blindfolded. He, or she, must turn around three times, while everybody else changes places. After the blindfolded kiddiewink has turned around three times, he must point the wand at someone (or where he thinks someone is standing), calling out the name of an animal. The one that the wand is pointing to must grasp it, and try to imitate the noise of the animal mentioned. If the blindfolded one guesses who it is, they must change places, and so the game goes on.

If you are going to practise the noises animals make, keep away from the chimney, in case Father Christmas hears you, and it would be awful if he thought you were a great big lion and sent you an awful big piece of meat, wouldn't it?

THE END OF A PERFECT DAY!
Bedtime Stories on Christmas Night.

THE LIVING MATCHBOX

By Uncle Ronnie, of Aberdeen.

Take an empty matchbox and place it flat on the back of your left hand. Then command it to rise, at the same time making impressive "magic" passes over it with your other hand. To the astonishment of the audience, the box will rise up and stand on end as though it were alive.

This little trick, although very impressive, is very simple to perform. The box should be open about a quarter of an inch before you place it on your left hand. Place it, opening downwards, near to your fingers. Press it firmly on the back of your hand, and, in so doing, secretly close the box. This action will grip a small portion of the loose skin of the knuckles. While doing this, keep the fingers of the left hand slightly parted. All that remains to be done is to press the fingers together, thus tightening the skin, and the box will then rise up, apparently of its own accord, and stand on end.

THE TUMBLER AND THE HAT

By Auntie Rosalind, of Manchester.

Place a tumbler, partially filled with water, on a table and put a hat over it. State that you will drink the water from the glass without touching the hat to remove it. To do this, lean forward, rap five times, and make a gurgling noise as though drinking, then [illegible]

When you reappear, smile knowingly and tell the spectators that they can look at the tumbler for themselves.

Some wise member of your audience will immediately lift the hat, whereupon you pick up the tumbler and drink the water. Thus you have accomplished your task and have drunk the water without touching the hat, thereby fooling curious spectator.

SOAP BUBBLES.

By Uncle Donald, of Cardiff.

[illegible]

PICKING A MARKED COIN

By Uncle Rob, of Bournemouth.

[illegible]

Continued overleaf.

The Children's Corner.

Continued from the previous page

WITHOUT BREAKING THE GLASSES.

By Uncle Bert, of Glasgow.

This little trick looks very difficult, but really [illegible] like a stick, about the size [illegible]

shown. Then rest it on the edges of two glasses which should be placed upon two tables of equal height. Then take a poker and give the middle of the stick a sharp blow. The stick will be broken without injuring the two glasses.

Even if the glasses are filled with water not a drop will be spilt if the operation is performed properly. You must give a sharp blow and hit exactly in the middle of the stick.

THE COIN AND THE KNIFE

By Uncle Jack, of Bournemouth.

[illegible] is a trick that always goes down splendidly.

Pick up a knife and ask if anyone is prepared to make a penny run up and down its edge. When they ask you to do it yourself take a penny from your pocket which you have previously prepared as follows: Stick a fairly new sixpence against the penny by means of a little wax. Then stick a halfpenny against the sixpence in the same way.

Of course, your audience only see the plain side of the penny; you keep the other side towards yourself. You can then make the penny run up and down the knife edge or stand still, as you choose. It really travels on the sixpence and is balanced by the halfpenny.

CAN YOU MAKE A PALINDROME?

By Cousin Evelyn, of Newcastle

A great deal of fun can be got out of making what are called palindromes. A palindrome is a sentence that reads just the same whether read backwards or forwards. These are examples which you can use your friends:

Name no one man.
Draw pupil's lip upward.
Mad Adam.
Rise to vote, sir.
Able was I ere I saw Elba.

This last was supposed to have been invented by Napoleon.

It will be great fun at your Christmas party seeing who can make more sentences like these.

THE MAGICAL MIRROR

By Uncle Edgar, of Birmingham

All you need for this is a small looking-glass propped up on a table, and a confederate. Tell the members of the audience that you are going out of the room and that you want one of them to look in the mirror during your absence. You declare that the mirror has unusual powers, and that when you come back it will tell you who has looked into it.

When you return to the room, look carefully round the company. You will have first arranged that your accomplice shall imitate the attitude of the person who has looked into the glass. Thus, by watching your accomplice, you will be able to tell at a glance who looked in the glass.

THE OBEDIENT SIXPENCE.

By Auntie Cyclone, of Glasgow.

Turn a tumbler upside down and support the edges with two pennies with a sixpence between them, underneath the glass. Tell your audience that you will get the sixpence from [illegible] or the pennies.

When they doubt you, just scratch the table with [illegible] sixpence will respond [illegible]

A TRICKY PUZZLE

By Uncle Chotie, of Manchester.

Here is a puzzle that is sure to amuse everyone. Write down on a piece of paper

"If the B put [illegible] If the B putting:"

and ask your friends to make sense of it.

When they have "given it up," translate it like this —

If the grate be unwell B empty put coal on colonly. If he grate be fu stop putting coal on.

"LISTENING" AT THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

THE WISHBONE AND THE MATCH

By Auntie Chris, of Aberdeen.

Here is a little trick that anyone can master. Save the wishbone from the Christmas chicken and wind some strong thread several times about the extremities of it, passing it around both ends.

Insert a match between the two passes of thread thus formed and turn it in a circle several times, until the thread is very tight and the ends of the wishbone are drawn closely together. Then suddenly let the match go and it will describe a complete circle, producing the most curious optical illusion.

The rotary motion of the match is so quick that no eye can follow it, and it seems as if the free end actually cleaves the wishbone in passing from one side to the other.

No matter how often this trick is done, nor how closely the audience are watching, the illusion will remain.

WONDERFUL BALANCING

By Uncle Jeff, of London.

Here is a wonderful balancing feat. Drive a [illegible] arrow into the cork of a bottle. Then cut a second cork into equal [illegible] and fix a fork into each piece. Hang the forks on to a plate with the corks acting as hooks (see [illegible]).

When you have done this, you can actually spin the plate and forks upon the end of the needle without any danger of them falling off.

A NOVEL NUTCRACKER

By Uncle Jim, of Newcastle.

Here is a trick you can play with nuts and a knife. Stick the blade of an open knife very lightly in the lintel of a door. Invite your friends to place a nut on the floor in such a position that when the knife is dislodged, by lightly tapping on the lintel, it will fall on the nut and crack it.

[illegible] if they will [illegible]

Take a cup of water and hold it so that the end of the handle of the knife is submerged. Then remove the cup. A little water will drip from the knife to the floor. Put the nut over the drop, and you will crack it every time.

THE SPINNING PENNY.

By Auntie Phyllis, of London.

Here is a trick that will puzzle everyone who is not in the secret.

You offer to be blindfolded and then to spin a penny on the table, naming correctly, when it has settled, whether it is head or tail uppermost.

Before spinning the coin, you must make a small nick with a knife at one of the edges so that a tiny point of metal protrudes. (Of course, this must be done before you face your audience.)

Now, suppose that the nick has been cut at the edge of the head side. Then, if the coin is spun and allowed to spin round, it will gradually settle down in the ordinary way if the notched side is upwards, but should it be underneath then as the coin spins low, the minute projection will continually touch the table, and instead of settling down slowly it will do so much more suddenly.

A little practice is necessary to train the ear in catching the difference in sound, but after a few attempts, no difficulty will be experienced in calling "heads" or "tails" correctly every time.

THE MAGNETIC POKER.

By Auntie Sophie, of London.

Balance a poker on the back of a chair so that it is quite level. Then get a thick piece of brown paper, double it to a convenient size, say 12 ins. by 6 ins., and warm it in front of the fire. When it is hot, rub it briskly upon your clothes for a few moments. Now, if you will hold the paper within a few inches of the poker, you will find that you can guide the poker to left or right and up and down at will.

Next, have the room made quite dark and when you put the warmed paper near the poker, you will see a spark pass from the paper to the poker, giving forth in its passage a sharp crack.

Your Yuletide Decorations.

A Talk from London by Mrs. Gordon-Stables.

A SPRIG of holly stuck behind Aunt Maria's portrait, a clump of mistletoe at the back of Uncle George's photograph, a bunch of both traditional berries tied to the base of the hall lamp, some unsteady twigs of crackly greenery for the vases on the mantelpiece—this, roughly, typifies the average photography of the Yuletide decorations. Yet, rightly interpreted, this custom of decorating our usually reticent homes to indicate the spirit of good cheer which should invade them at the season of the year should give the mistress of the domain the biggest opportunity for effective and significant ornamentation which can fall to her domestic lot.

Garland Effects.

First and foremost for consideration comes the architectural features. For the room that mounts to the over lofty the excessive height of which may well be robbed of its somewhat forbidding effect by emphasizing, by means of a zone of green garlanding, the break made in the expanse by the picture rail, or, if no picture-rail exist, by producing the effect of one by this straight line of green leaves. From point to point along this line of green I would drape festoons of the garlanding, dropping at each function-point a straight long swag.

Then remember that the doors, entirely neglected as a rule in the Yule decorations, may prove a most important factor in the general ensemble. Try here again the effect of the green garlanding to sides and over-door mouldings. If the latter be pointed, try outlining this sharply with the green, emphasizing the summit with a bunch of red berries and posting a similar bunch at each of the top corners.

How to Use Crinkled Paper.

Make the very most of your lighting fitments, whether they be for gas or electric. In the ordinary way, I have no great affection for crinkled paper, a stiff and somewhat dust-collecting medium, rather reminiscent of lodging houses and covers for aspidistra pots. But if you obtain a series of rolls of crinkled papers in shades, say of mauve and purple, jade green, lemon yellow, orange, petunia and white, and cut these into ribbons an inch in width and several feet in length, and sew these streamers closely to a narrow tape, you will have the gayest trappings imaginable for your chandeliers. The floating, flying motion that will animate these will in itself prove extraordinarily suggestive of gaiety and life.

As for the Christmas-tree itself, best adopt here also some definite plan of campaign. If you have carried out a well-defined colour scheme for your lights, develop it likewise on the tree. Let its ribbons and candles and present wrappings be in similar tones.

Festoons of Popcorn.

The snow effect in Christmas-trees is a perennial favourite. Why not adopt the American fashion of using popcorn in long white festoons, draped from branch to branch? You will have to pop the corn grains first over the fire. It is quite easy, provided you have a little wire basket with a long handle and a nice bright fire over which to shake this with its contents. Each little grain will burst open with a pop and give you a little white disc, that looks most marvellously like a snowflake, when the whole is strung together in a long, white line. And the best of this popcorn decoration is that the guests can consume it at the end of the entertainment!

Christmas is Coming!

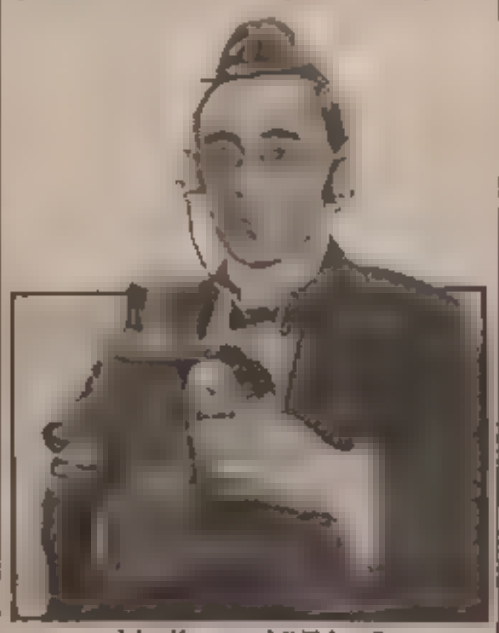
BY JOHN HENRY, The Popular Entertainer.

I WAS sitting very quietly the other evening writing a beautiful essay on "The Uplift of the Soul," which I was hoping the B.B.C. would let me broadcast.

It's a funny thing they won't let me talk on subjects like that. I was speaking to Uncle Jeff about it only a few days ago.

I said: "Uncle Jeff, what the public wants is Moral Urge, and I can give them what they want. I'll dash off," I said, "a series of soul stirring artistic little things that will rouse the people like a trumpet blast. Just say the word," I said, "and I'll shoot them a line of dope that will send the last pirate to the nearest post-office with tears in his eyes, contrition in his soul, and fifteen bob in his hand. What about it?"

John Henry," said Uncle Jeff, "far be it from me to dash cold water on your young and fiery enthusiasm, but if there's any trumpet blasting to be done round here, my orchestra can attend to it. What do you mean," he said, "by coming in here, rattling on like a cheap car, talking tosh about Moral Urge? I'm the fly's ointment round here," he said. "Now you make a noise like a hoop and roll away."



John Henry and "'Erbert."

Uncle Jeff can't deceive me. I could tell he didn't want me to do Uplift Talks, but, anyhow, as I said, I was writing one, just in case, and I'd just got to a noble bit about the soul being like a lift or elevator and lifting you ever up and up and I was wondering how I was going to get it down again when my Perpetual Motion, who'd been strangely silent for some moments, said, "John Henry."

I said, "What?" She said, "Don't you go ... What' to me. It may be all right for Uncle Rex, but I won't be whatted, so just you ... mister."

So I said, "Yes, please," and she said, "John Henry, Christmas is coming.

Well, of course, I knew that myself, but I hadn't mentioned it, because I know what it means. I've noticed that I always begin to get better-looking towards Christmas.

She'll come to me and say, "John Henry, I've seen worse-looking men than you, after all. When you're got your hat on and you don't get the light on your face, you aren't so bad. You're considering,' and then she'll give me advice about letting my hair grow long at the sides, and I can brush it over the top and people won't notice it much, and she'll tell me to get some stuff and rub it in night and morning, because perhaps the roots are still there.

So, of course, when she began talking about Christmas coming I knew what to expect, so I just said, "Is it?" and she said, "Yes, what are we going to give 'Erbert for Christmas.

'Erbert's our dog. He's not a valuable dog. The neighbours call him "that hound," and things like that and the woman who lives underneath says he's as much trouble as that elephant I once had. 'Erbert's the possessor of a low contralto voice that ought to have some machine oil put on it. Although he was christened Erbert, he'll answer to anything in the name line. Any brand of vituperation or profanity will bring an answering wag from that ever-ready tail. 'Erbert has one good point. He doesn't answer back. That's one thing my Big Noise could learn from 'Erbert but she won't.

So I said, "Give him a bone," but she said, "No, he's going to hang his stocking up, the precious darling.

Father Christmas for 'Erbert.

Well, of course, that's all wrong, because he hasn't got a stocking, and I told her so, and then she said she'd buy him one. So then I asked her, "Why not get him a Christmas-tree?" I said this sarcastic, but she didn't take it that way, and now I've got to get a Christmas-tree and play Father Christmas for 'Erbert.

She hasn't told me what she wants for Christmas yet, but she says she's going to buy me a pair of nice new curtains for the front room. Ah, well. I'd buy her a pipe, but I daren't.

It's a funny thing, I always manage to get into a bother at Christmas. One of my very earliest memories is of hanging my stocking up and my brother filling it with a cheerful mixture of cinders and cold porridge.

Just My Luck.

And then there was another time, when I thought my stocking wasn't big enough, so I tied up my pyjamas and hung those up, and in the morning I found my mother had put all the silver in, with some polish and a cloth, and I had to clean it all for being greedy.

So, of course, I'm wondering what kind of bother I shall get into this Christmas. I think I know already where it will happen, and I've got an idea there'll be a lot of it. She's gone and accepted an invitation to a party. Now, I don't shine at parties. I don't mind being among a lot of men, but when I'm confronted with the Sex in large quantities, I get perturbed.

A Chapter of Accidents.

And then some woman comes up and says, "Oh, do sing, Mr. John Henry," and I'm just saying I've not got my music when my Commander-in-Chief hears me and makes me sing, and I forget my words and nobody's listening, and I bleat a few lines, and before I've finished the hostess says, "Let's play Puss, Puss, Come to my Corner," and they do, and I'm Puss, and I fall against a table and break a plant pot, and when at last I get home I get told off for not being a social lion.

But on Christmas Eve, after we've read the letters and looked at the Christmas cards once more, and it's getting near midnight, I shall be sitting in the big arm-chair near the fire, watching the blue smoke curl up out of my pipe, and she'll come and sit on the chair with me and put her arm round my shoulders and whisper, "Happy Christmas, John Henry. You're not so bad, after all,' so perhaps I'm just a bit glad that Christmas is coming.

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Ericsson WIRELESS APPARATUS

PEOPLE IN THE PROGRAMMES—GOSSIP ABOUT ARTISTES & OTHERS.

A Record Tour.

MRS. PHYLLIS HOWE.

NEWCASTLE'S well-known soprano Mme. Phyllis Howe whose vocal talent has been greatly appreciated by listeners, has had a wide and varied experience, having toured the world with Dr. Coward in 1911, when she travelled nearly 40,000 miles. The outstanding feature of this world's tour was the wonderful welcomes received, not only from the Dominions, but also from our cousins in the U.S.A.

The only "fly in the ointment" was a notice which appeared in one of the papers there. It gave rise to much good-natured chaff on both sides. This paper said: "It was easy to see that the members of the party were not chosen on account of their good looks, for a plainer lot of people were never gathered together on any platform before. But," continued the article, "they can sing.

During the Great War Mme. Howe, with her Concert Party, gave over 300 concerts to soldiers and her efforts were the means of contributing substantial sums to deserving charities in the North.

A Man of Many Parts.

A VERSATILE career has been that of Mr Charles H. Stainer, the well known banjoist, for he has tried his hand as a solicitor's clerk, music hall artiste and motor driver. Mr Stainer had his first banjo lesson twenty-seven years ago, and he has been a public performer for twenty-six years.

Besides being a remarkably fine player, he has also composed a good deal of music, and he is a teacher of the banjo of [illegible]

Quite Correct.

MR. STAINER relates a good fishing story. Two lads went to the river to see what they could catch.

After a time one shouted to the other: "Ere, Bill, give us a 'and! I've caught an otter!"

Hauling in the line, they found an old kettle attached to the end.

"Lumme, Joe," said Bill, "you're right, too—it's a water otter!"

Insult to Injury.

MR. GEORGE HUTCHISON.

A GOOD story is told by Mr. George Hutchison, the popular entertainer. "Coming home from a concert at which I had had a very heavy programme to sustain," he says, "I was feeling anything but well. I had a splitting headache and my throat was very painful, dry, and rough. I [illegible] crawled upstairs, sat down in a vacant seat, and pulled the door shut, as I was cold and miserable.

"I had just looked up and observed that there were only two others on the top of the car, when the conductor put his head round the door to me and said: 'Are you the man wi' the two tunes?'"

Locked In.

THOSE who have been fortunate enough to see Miss Gertrude Johnson—the well-known singer at London Station—in her famous rôle of Lucia di Lammermoor will remember how well she sings in the famous duet for voice and flute in the mad scene of Act III of the opera. On one occasion as Miss Johnson, who had hurriedly been preparing for the scene, was about to leave her dressing-room she discovered that the door of the room was locked. Frantically she tugged at the handle, desperately she hammered the door with her fists, but to no avail; and the precious time was ebbing away second by second as the manager and the producer, unaware of poor Lucia's sorry plight, were looking anxiously around for her appearance.

Miss Johnson was about to smash the glass panels of the door in a last effort to free herself when the treasurer of the British National Opera Company, who happened to be strolling along the corridor, rushed to the rescue and unlocked the door. Up the steps Miss Johnson dashed, arriving just in the nick of time as everybody was saying: "Where can she be?"

Miss Johnson says that she believes that her interpretation of Lucia's madness after that ordeal was the most realistic she has ever done in her stage career.

A Lucky Escape.

MISS GERTRUDE SIMPSON.

MISS GERTRUDE SIMPSON, who has on more than one occasion charmed Glasgow listeners, has had one or two very interesting experiences during her amateur operatic performances.

While playing the part of Marion in *Le Cycle*, during the last act in the [illegible] scene, while [illegible] her cue stand up on the rostrum, which was eight feet high, the chorus in their excitement knocked away the supports which held her platform up, and had not some of the stage-hands been about, a very nasty accident might have occurred. As it was, Miss Simpson got a very bad shaking, but managed to finish her performances, with the assistance of the stage-hands to hold the rostrum up till the "curtain."

Nearly a "Cat"-astrophe.

ON another occasion, while playing in *Merrie England* at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, Miss Simpson had a rather trying experience. The cat which appears in one of the scenes, although playing a silent part, has also an important one. One evening it was found that pussy had strayed, and a dresser was despatched to find a [illegible]. She returned with an old Persian which, although remaining quite quiet and docile off stage, immediately got the "wind-up" when taken before the footlights, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that Miss Simpson could manage to hold it on her shoulder while she sang.

However, she determined not to be mastered by a mere cat, and persisted in holding on to it each evening during her act, despite its struggles, with the result that her shoulder was badly clawed by the time her song was finished.

However, after three nights of this, pussy at last settled down to her strange surroundings and eventually became quite a success for the remainder of the show.

A Fine Broadcasting Voice.

DR. HARRINGTON.

A VERY interesting artiste is Dr. Harrington, who broadcasts from Cardiff Station. Before the war he was well known in the West of [illegible] and has sung, [illegible] concerts in India and Egypt. He had an [illegible] the operatic stage, but, during the war, [illegible] put aside and studied surgery in the Indian Army.

Dr. Harrington has the reputation of having one of the finest broadcasting voices [illegible] of the richness of his tone and the excellence of his diction, and he has a remarkably large repertoire of French, English and German songs.

A Clever Comedian.

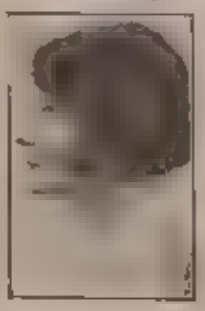
AN ever welcome artiste at London Station is Mr Jay Kaye, the comedian, who [illegible] of the late [illegible] Edwardes.

He is the son of the late Edward [illegible] who in his long theatrical career was confidential adviser to the late George Edwardes at the old [illegible] and also to the late Sir Augustus Harris at Drury Lane.

Mr. Kaye was originally intended for a [illegible] that his latent talent was to be developed elsewhere. Before he was out of his teens [illegible]

Mr. Kaye has toured extensively, and there [illegible] which he has not visited. He has the rare ability of supplying humour without "make-up," which can be testified to by the thousands of listeners who have heard him.

Why He Liked Wireless.



MISS HELENA MILLAIS.

FEW artistes have a better fund of anecdotes than has Miss Helena Millais, the entertainer, and the following are two of her best:—

An old Scot, a regular attendant at church, suddenly stopped going. A friend called and inquired why they never saw him at church these days.

"Weel, man," said the old fellow, "ye see, I've had that wireless installed and I can sit at home in comfort and listen to the service—and *I save my threepenny-piece!*"

A Last Request.

THE other story told me by Miss Millais is the following:

A man was condemned to death, and the judge asked if he had any last request to make. The man didn't reply, and the judge, thinking he didn't understand, said: "Have you any last wish? Is there anything you would like to do in the short space of time left you?"

The prisoner scratched his head and thought a while, then said: "Well, if it's all the same to you, I'd like to learn the piano.

(Continued Overleaf.)

People in the Programmes.

Continued from the previous page.

Delighted the Shepherds.

Miss May Jobson.

MISS MAY JOBSON, who broadcasts from the Newcastle Station, possesses a rich contralto voice, together with that art of clear enunciation which makes listening a pleasure. Her vocal talents are greatly appreciated on Tyneside, and further afield she is eagerly listened to through the ear-phones.

A friend of Miss Jobson, while holiday-making in the Northumbrian highlands last August, had the good fortune, on arriving at his destination one night, to discover a wayside house that had installed a three-valve set with open speaker. It was a new sensation for the pastoral community, and friends of the family came from miles around to hear their first wireless concert.

It chanced that Miss May Jobson was on the programme. In the gathering gloom the instrument gave out the haunting refrain of the "Shepherd's Cradle Song." The clear rendering of the words was followed amid that strange silence which characterizes the first experience of listening. The assembled shepherds saw their calling reflected through the halo of romance. Neither they nor the passing townsman have lost the influence of the incident.

A Triumph of Will.

A STRIKING example of the truth of the adage that will triumphs over all obstacles is Mr. Ronald Gourley, who, although totally blind, is a most successful pianist, entertainer and syllabist.

From his earliest days he showed marked musical ability, and at the age of fourteen he was an accomplished musician. He determined to become a professional and, obtaining auditions in London, his talent was quickly recognized.

Mr. Gourley is the author of many delightful compositions, his "Cameos for Kiddies" being especially popular.

Like most sightless people his sense of hearing is remarkable, and he goes about the streets of [illegible] the traffic quite unaided. When a boy of [illegible] hand then, he actually had the temerity to run away from school with a friend. Unfortunately—or perhaps fortunately—they happened to inquire their way from a policeman who promptly took them back to school.

A Bright Youth.

Mr. Maurice [illegible]

THE popular young pianist, Mr. Maurice [illegible] recognized as be[illegible] the front rank of Eng[illegible] artistes. A pupil of de Greef, the famous Belgian pianist, he has become a wireless favourite owing to his brilliant technique and his masterly handling of concertos with the orchestra.

Mr. Cole tells an amusing anecdote about a school boy.

"How many Commandments are there?" his teacher asked him.

"Ten," replied the lad.

"Quite correct. And if you were to break one of them?"

"Then there'd be nine," answered the boy with promptitude.

Vocalist and Oboe Player.

Mr. L. Thistlethwaite.

IT is not often that a well-known vocalist attains success as an instrumentalist also; but that is the case with Mr. Leo Thistlethwaite, the principal baritone of the 2ZY Opera Company. Besides singing, Mr. Thistlethwaite plays the oboe and cor anglais for the Hallé Orchestra. Mr. Thistlethwaite appeared with great success in Sir Thomas Beecham's Manchester opera season, and once, when singing in that city in "Faust," Mme. Tetrazzini, who was present in a box, sent him her warm congratulations.

A Very "Kind Friend."

Mr. James Sharp.

MR. JAMES SHARP, who has broadcast with great success from the Aberdeen Station, is a native of Aberdeen and a banker by profession. His leisure time has been devoted to music, and his vocal repertoire includes [illegible] opera, and ballads. Mr. Sharp is organist and choirmaster of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Aberdeen, and he tells of an amusing, though exasperating, incident that happened there.

Just before service one Sunday morning the organ gave out the most weird and wonderful sounds. It turned out that some "kind friend" had strewn the floor with most of the small pipes in the organ, the remainder being placed over the wrong notes.

The service that Sunday morning was accompanied on the diapasons only.

Two Hundred First Prizes.

A WELSH singer with a particularly fine voice is Mr. M. Morlesydd Morgan. Like so many natives of Wales, Mr. Morgan has sung practically all his life, and he has won literally hundreds of prizes in various singing competitions. He has been four times second in the Royal National Eisteddfod and gained 200 first prizes, including six silver cups and three gold medals.

Some time ago, Mr. Morgan toured America as principal baritone with the Rhondda Royal Male Choir, but latterly he has come rapidly to the front as a wireless artiste.

The B.B.C.'s Musical Controller.

A VERY interesting personality in the world of [illegible] is Mr Percy Pitt, the Musical Controller of the B.B.C. As Artistic Director of the British National Opera Company he has done much to popularise really good music among the people, and as a conductor he has few rivals.

Mr. Pitt has composed numerous works, including overtures, suites, rhapsodies and symphonies—among which may be mentioned: Overture, *Taming of the Shrew*; symphonic prelude, *Le Sang des Crépuscules*; Oriental rhapsody and a symphony composed for, and first heard at, the Birmingham Festival in 1900.

Her "Book of Words."

Mr. H. A. Dewdney.

A VERY fine [illegible] is Mr H. Austin Dewdney, L.R.A.M. [illegible] who recently gave a pianoforte recital [illegible] Bournemouth Station. Mr. Dewdney writes how, while playing for a local eminent contralto, he was amazed to see her walk off the platform in haste just as the symphony was drawing to its close.

Apologizing to Mr. Dewdney afterwards, the singer confessed that he took on the platform what she thought was her book of words, but to her chagrin, a couple of bars before her entry, she found that she was holding her washing book!

But even had she sung from the laundry list, it can be well imagined that Mr. Dewdney would have risen to the occasion and played [illegible].

She Knew.

AMONG the many distinguished people whose names can be added to the list of broadcasters is the Archbishop of Canterbury, who is to broadcast a message to all stations on New Year's Eve.

Dr. Randall Davidson is, like many high ecclesiastics, very fond of a good story, and he relates this one about a visit he once paid to a Sunday school.

A class of girls were going over the story of King Solomon, and Dr. Davidson asked them: "Who was the great queen who travelled so many miles to see the King?"

As no one answered, Dr. Davidson went on: "You surely must know; the name begins with an 'S.'"

At this hint, a small hand was raised. "I know," said its little owner, "the Queen of Spades."

Bridle and Bit.

The Archbishop is very good at repartee. He was once a guest at a function where there were present a number of clerics.

After grace had been said, one of those remarked unctuously, "Now to put a bridle on our appetites."

Like a flash, Dr. Davidson retorted, "You can do as you please, my dear dean; but, for my part, I am going to put a bit between my teeth!"

An Unrehearsed Effect.

Miss Agnes Sydenham.

BOURNEMOUTH listeners have a rare treat when Miss Agnes Sydenham sings, for her mezzo-soprano voice is of a particularly fine quality. Miss Sydenham relates an amusing story concerning an unrehearsed effect.

"Upon one occasion," she says, "just as I was preparing to sing at an 'At Home,' a large black cat came purring round me. Being very fond of cats, particularly *black* ones, I was delighted, but the feeling changed when directly I began to sing the cat took a flying leap across the room and, heading for a fireplace, knocked over a screen and disappeared up the chimney!

"I managed to finish the song with one eye on a member of the audience who, having grabbed its tail, was hauling the poor thing to safety!"

WIRELESS PROGRAMME—SUNDAY (Dec. 23rd.)

The letters "S.B." printed in italics in these Programmes signify a Simultaneous Broadcast from the station mentioned.

LONDON.

S.B. to all Stations.

3.0. THE BAND OF
HIS MAJESTY'S IRISH GUARDS
By permission of
Colonel R. C. A. McCalmont, D.S.O.
Director of Music
LIEUT. CHARLES H. HASSELL.
March, "The Big Bus" .... *Nevin*
Cornet Solo, "The Star of Bethlehem" *Adams*
(Soloist: Corp. Peter Wilson.)
Selection, "Lilac Time" ... . *Schubert*
GWEN GODFREY (Soprano)
"Tis I Wake" .... *Woodforde-Finden*
"The Reason" .... *Del Riego*
BEATRICE EVELINE (Solo 'Cello)
Air from Christmas Oratorio *Bach, arr. Squire*
Serenade" .... *Fauré*
JOHN COLLINSON (Tenor).
"The Snowy-Breasted Pearl" ... *J. Robinson*
"The Last Watch" .... *Pinsuti*
Irish Guards Band
Flute Solo, "Variations on an Old Folk Song"
De Jong
[illegible] Sergeant [illegible]
Overture, "1812" ... *Tchaikovsky*
Gwen Godfrey
"Bucklebird's Song" *Cyril Scott*
"In My Garden" ..... *Samuel Liddle*
Beatrice Eveline
Silver Threads Among the Gold
arr. H. Squire
Serenade ... ... *Glack*
Chanson Villageoise ... . *Popper*
John Collinson
"I Hear You Calling Me" ... . *Marshall*
"A Winter Love Song" ... ... *L. Kelley*
"The Victor" ..... *Hugo Kaun*
Irish Guards Band.
Popular Selection, "Chorus Time" *arr Hosselt*
Selection, "The Shamrock" ... *arr Myddleton*
5.0.—Close down.
Announcer A. R. Burrows.

[illegible]

5.30.—CAPT. IAN FRASER, C.B.E., Five Minutes' Talk on St Dunstan's. *S.B. to other Stations.*

5.35. Members of
ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL CHOIR
S.B. to other Stations.
"The First Nowell" ..... *Old Carol*
"It Came Upon the Midnight Air"
Traditional
"Let Christian Men Rejoice" .... *Old Carol*

5.45.—THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK, M.A., D.D.
Religious Address.
S.B. to other Stations.

6.35. Hymn, "O Come, All Ye Faithful."

9.10. **"The Messiah."**
(Handel.)
S.B. to all Stations.
THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
and Chorus
Co[illegible]
L. STANTON JEFFERIES
[illegible] Soprano
GLADYS PALMER ... . [illegible]
SIDNEY COLTHAM ..... Tenor
GEORGE PARKER Bar[illegible]

10.30. TIME SIGNAL. GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. *S.B. to all Stations.*

10.45. Close down.

Announcer A. R. Burrows.

[illegible]

3.0-5.0. Concert by THE BAND OF H.M. IRISH GUARDS, GWEN GODFREY (Soprano), BEATRICE EVELINE (Solo 'Cello) and JOHN COLLINSON (Tenor). *S.B. from London.*

8.30.—CAPT. IAN FRASER. *S.B. from London.*

8.35. Members of ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL CHOIR. *S.B. from London.*

8.45. THE LORD BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK. *S.B. from London.*

9.10. "THE MESSIAH"
S.B. from London.

10.30.—NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

10.45. Close down.

[illegible]

3.0-5.0.—Concert by THE BAND OF H.M. IRISH GUARDS, GWEN GODFREY (Soprano), BEATRICE EVELINE (Solo 'Cello) and JOHN COLLINSON (Tenor). *S.B. from London.*

8.30.—REV. A. P. ANNAND
REV. E. W. ALLEN
FATHER TRIGGS
} Religious Addresses

8.45. JENNY MALKIN (Contralto).
Hymn, "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing."
(With 'cello obbligato by THOMAS ILLINGWORTH.)

8.55. CHARLES LEESON (Solo Pianoforte).
Adagio Cantabile from Sonata Pathetique
Beethoven
Phantasie Impromptu on Christmas Carols
Leeson

9.10. "THE MESSIAH."
S.B. from London.

10.30.—NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

10.45.—Close down.

Announcer W. R. Keene.

WAVE-LENGTHS AND CALL SIGNS.

LONDON (2LO)	-	350 Metres
ABERDEEN (2BD)	-	495 "
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CARDIFF (5WA)	-	435 "
GLASGOW (5SC)	-	420 "
MANCHESTER (2ZY)	-	400 "
NEWCASTLE (5NO)	-	370 "

[illegible]

3.0-5.0. Concert by THE BAND OF H.M. IRISH GUARDS, GWEN GODFREY (Soprano), BEATRICE EVELINE (Solo 'Cello) and JOHN COLLINSON (Tenor). *S.B. from London.*

8.30. CAPT. IAN FRASER. *S.B. from London.*

8.35. Members of ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL CHOIR. *S.B. from London.*

8.45. THE LORD BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK. *S.B. from London.*

9.10. "THE MESSIAH"
S.B. from London.

10.30.—NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

10.45. Close down.

MANCHESTER.

3.0-5.0. Concert by THE BAND OF H.M. IRISH GUARDS, GWEN GODFREY (Soprano), BEATRICE EVELINE (Solo 'Cello), and JOHN COLLINSON (Tenor). *S.B. from London.*

8. SIDNEY G. HONEY: Talk to Young People.

8.30. CAPT. IAN FRASER. *S.B. from London.*

8.35. Members of ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL CHOIR. *S.B. from London.*

8.45. THE LORD BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK. *S.B. from London.*

9.10. **"THE MESSIAH"**
S.B. from London.

10.30. NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

10.45.—Close down.

NEWCASTLE.

3.0-5.0.—Concert by THE BAND OF H.M. IRISH GUARDS, GWEN GODFREY (Soprano), BEATRICE EVELINE (Solo 'Cello), and JOHN COLLINSON (Tenor). *S.B. from London.*

8.30.—CAPT. IAN FRASER. *S.B. from London.*

8.35.—Members of ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL CHOIR. *S.B. from London.*

8.45.—THE LORD BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK. *S.B. from London.*

9.10. "THE MESSIAH."
S.B. from London.

10.30.—NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

10.45.—Close down.

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WIRELESS

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WIRELESS PROGRAMME—MONDAY (Dec. 24th.)

The letters "S.B." printed in italics in these Programmes signify a Simultaneous Broadcast from the station mentioned.

LONDON.

5.30. CHILDREN'S STORIES. [illegible] Stranger" from "The Lo[illegible] Things, by E. W. Lewis. Sou[illegible] Rex

6.15. -Boys' Brigade News

6.[illegible] O[illegible] Interval

7.0. TIME SIGNAL. 1ST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. *S.B. to all Stations*
MR. A. M. PERKINS on "Old Christmas [illegible] and Superstitions." *S.B. to all [illegible]*
Local News and Weather Forecast

7.30. SIR FRANK BENSON in Shakespearean Recitals. *S.B. from Newcastle*

8.30. THE WIRELESS WAITS
An Hour's Entertainment assisted by [illegible] the MAYFAIR SINGERS, and [illegible] STEPHENSON, Entertainer

9.30. TIME SIGNAL. 2ND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. *S.B. to all Stations*
Local News and Weather [illegible]

9.45. R. I. STEPHENSON with entertain[illegible] *S.B. to Birmingham*

10.0. -THE SAVOY ORPHEANS AND SAVOY HAVANA BANDS relayed from the Savoy Hotel. *S.B. for [illegible] periods to [illegible]*

12.0.—Close down

Announcer: B. E. Palmer

BIRMINGHAM.

3.30-4.30. -Paul Rimmer's Orchestra relayed from Lozells Picture House.

5.30. Agriculture, Weather Forecast. KIDDIES' CORNER

6.45. -Boys' Brigade News

7.0.—NEWS. *S.B. from London*
MR. A. M. PERKINS. *S.B. from London*
Local News and Weather Forecast

7.30. SIR FRANK BENSON in Shakespearean [illegible] *S.B. from Newcastle*

9.15-9.30. -Interval

9.30. NEWS. *S.B. from London*

9.45.—R. I. STEPHENSON. *S.B. from London*

10.0.—THE SAVOY ORPHEANS AND SAVOY HAVANA BANDS. *S.B. from London*

12.0. -Close down

Announcer: H. Casey

A Christmas Message. By Lord Gainford.

(Continued from page 450.)

world of learning who interest and stimulate the brain and imagination of those who would hear their words.

This Christmas wireless will contribute no small mead of pleasure in thousands of homes. Our programmes are designed to that end. Pleasure is a variable quantity, but it will be our aim that the variety of our Christmas items will cover all tastes. The listening public can be assured that the cheer and goodwill we shall endeavour to recreate is but one expression of our constant desire to cultivate that spirit.

The New Year will prove that the organization of the B.B.C. is assigned to add to that happiness and the spirit of goodwill which, before wireless telephony was used, had but an incomplete opportunity for expression. On behalf of the Board of the Broadcasting Company, I send our best Christmas Wishes to all readers of *The Radio Times*.

BOURNEMOUTH.

3.45-[illegible]

4.[illegible] WOMEN'S HOUR

5.[illegible] KIDDIES' [illegible] and a small Orchestra

6.15. Seniors' Ha[illegible] News. M[illegible] December. M.A. A Mediæval Christmas

6.45. Boys' Brigade News

7.0. NEWS. *S.B. from London*
MR. A. M. PERKINS. *S.B. from London*
Local News and Weather Forecast

7.30. SIR FRANK BENSON in Shakespearean Recitals. *S.B. from Newcastle*

9.15-9.30. Interval

9.30. NEWS. *S.B. from London*

9.40. SIR FRANK BENSON. *S.B. from Newcastle*

10.30. THE SAVOY ORPHEANS AND SAVOY HAVANA BANDS. *S.B. from London*

12.0. Close down
Announcer: [illegible]

CARDIFF.

3.30-4.30. [illegible] from the Capitol Cinema

5.30. The Children's Hour. THE KIDDIES' NEWS

6.45. Boys' Brigade News

7.0. NEWS. *S.B. from London*
MR. A. M. PERKINS. *S.B. from London*
Local News and Weather Forecast

7.30. **"A Christmas Carol."**
[illegible]

A Dramatic Recital by CYRIL ESTCOURT. Carol Interludes by the Star Street [illegible] Choir.

Cast:
[illegible]
Scrooge
"Marley's Ghost"
Carols: (a) "See Amid the Winter Snow"
(b) "The Manger Throne"
Story
"The Ghost of Christmas Past."
Carols: (a) "The Holly and the Ivy"
(b) "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing"
Story
"The Ghost of Christmas Present"
Carols: (a) "Good Christian Men Rejoice"
(b) "Oh, Come, All Ye Faithful"
Story
"The Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come."
The End of It
Carol: "The First Nowel."

9.30. NEWS. *S.B. from London*
Local News and Weather Forecast.

9.40.—SIR FRANK BENSON. *S.B. from Newcastle*

10.30. THE SAVOY ORPHEANS AND SAVOY HAVANA BANDS. *S.B. from London*

12.0. Close down
Announcer: L. L. Lage.

MANCHESTER.

[illegible]

6.[illegible] MAINLY FOR [illegible]
[illegible] Farmers'

6.[illegible] CHILDREN'S HOUR. Carols by the Abbott Street School [illegible] Choir

6.45. Boys' Brigade News

7.0. NEWS. *S.B. from London*
MR. A. M. PERKINS. *S.B. from London*
Local News and Weather Forecast

7.30.—SIR FRANK BENSON in Shakespearean Recitals. *S.B. from Newcastle*

[illegible]

9.30. NEWS. *S.B. from London*

9.40. VICTOR SMYTHE has a Greeting to [illegible]

10.0.—THE SAVOY ORPHEANS AND SAVOY HAVANA BANDS. *S.B. from London*

12.0. -Close down. A Merry Xmas to all from 2ZY.

Announcer: Victor Smythe

NEWCASTLE.

3.45-4.45. -Concert. Ka[illegible] Co[illegible] S[illegible] E. [illegible]mson (Solo Flute)

[illegible] WOMEN'S HOUR

5.15. -CHILDREN'S HOUR: Stories, etc., by Sir Frank Benson and the Uncles

6.[illegible] Brigade News

6.45. -Farmers' Corner

7.0.—NEWS. *S.B. from London*
MR. A. M. PERKINS. *S.B. from London*
Local News and Weather Forecast

Shakespeare Evening.

S.B. for various periods to all Stations
SIR FRANK BENSON
in Shakespearean [illegible]
with appropriate music

7.30
NEWCASTLE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
Incidental music "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

7.40. SIR FRANK BENSON
Recitation from "Hamlet" .. *Shakespeare*

7.50. ETHEL M. STANLEY (Mezzo-Soprano)
"It Was A Lover and His Lass" .. *Quilter*
"Take, Oh Take Those Lips Away" *Quilter*

8.0. Sir Frank Benson
Mark Antony's Speech .. *Shakespeare*

8.10. Orchestra.
Selection of Dramatic Music

8.20. Sir Frank Benson.
Henry V.'s Agincourt Speech .. *Shakespeare*

8.30 Ethel M. Stanley
"Bid Me Discourse" .. *Bishop*

8.35. Sir Frank Benson.
"Romeo and Juliet" .. *Shakespeare*

8.45 Orchestra
Henry VIII Dances" .. *German*

8.55. Sir Frank Benson.
Othello" .. *Shakespeare*

9.5. ROBERT D. STRANGEWAYS (Baritone)
"Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind" .. *Quilter*
"O Mistress Mine" .. *Quilter*

9.15-9.30. Interval.

9.30.—NEWS. *S.B. from London*

9.40. Sir Frank Benson.
"A Xmas Story"

9.50. Robert D. Strangeways.
"Land of Hope and Glory" *Elgar*
"High No More" *Aitken*

10.5. Sir Frank Benson
"Talk on Empire."

10.30. THE SAVOY ORPHEANS AND SAVOY HAVANA BANDS. *S.B. from London.*

12.0. -Close down.

Announcer: R. C. Pratt.

The Story of Wireless is the story of Marconi

I

In November, 1897, the first British Wireless Transmitting Station was erected at the Needles, Isle of Wight, by the Marconi Company. On December 6th readable signals were exchanged with a steamer at sea at ranges up to 18 miles.

In June, 1898, the first paid marconigram was sent from this station by Lord Kelvin. So Wireless was inaugurated by Marconi as a practical medium of communication.

In the latest development of Wireless—Broadcasting—the name "Marconi" fully maintains its unchallenged lead. The Marconiphone is the Receiver on which you can always rely implicitly, because it embodies everything for which the name "Marconi" stands in Wireless

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The Triumph of the Master Mind

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To take advantage of the big public demand for the Marconiphone and to ensure early delivery, place your order *now*. For particulars of terms and advice on all matters connected with Wireless apply to:

MARCONI'S WIRELESS TELEGRAPH CO. LTD

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WIRELESS PROGRAMME—TUESDAY (Dec. 25th.)

The letters "S.B." printed in italics in these Programmes signify a Simultaneous Broadcast from the station mentioned.

LONDON.

5.30. **CHILDREN'S HOUR.**
S.B. to other Stations.

THE REV. J. A. MAYO will talk to the Children.

A Christmas Play
adapted from
"ON CHRISTMAS EVE"
(Constance D'Arcy Mackay)

Cast

The Little Girl . . . . MONICA DISNEY
Wendy . . . . . GILLY FLOWER
Alice . . . . . BETTY THUMBLIN'
Goldilocks . . . . . IRENE KEAWEs
The Hush-a-Bye Lady AUNTIE RHYLLIS
Santa Claus. . . . . UNCLE CARACTACUS

Scene: The bare living room of the Little Girl

Christmas Night Programme.

7.30. *S.B. to other Stations.*
THE LONDON WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
Conducted by L. STANTON JEFFERIES

Marche. Ferbrat on	*Andre*
Overture. "Poet and Peasant"	*Suppe*
JOHN HENRY on "Christmas"	

Orchestra

Valse. Chimes"	*Waldteufel*
"A Musical Switch" . . .	*Alford*
Baby's Sweetheart'	*Corri*

A "MERRY CHRISTMAS" PARTY

JOHN HENRY (the Host)
JELENA MILLAIS
RONALD GOURLEY
JAY LAYE
Orchestra

"Voice of the Bells"	*Langey*
Selection of the Popular Songs of Haydn Wood	
Fox trot, "Christmas"	Ilson
Old English Dance Music.	
Waltz	"Midnight Chimes"
Valse.	"Dorothy"
Barn Dance	"Lincke"

9.30. TIME SIGNAL, GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. *S.B. to all Stations.*
Local News and Weather Forecast

9.45.—THE REV. G. W. KERR, B.A., LL.B., on "Wit and Humour." *S.B. to all Stations except Glasgow.*

10.0.—THE SAVOY ORPHEANS AND SAVOY HAVANA BANDS, relayed from the Savoy Hotel. *S.B. to all Stations (Glasgow 10.30).*

12.0.—Close down.

Announcer: R. F. Palmer.

BIRMINGHAM.

6.30. CHILDREN'S HOUR.
S.B. from London.

7.30. CHRISTMAS NIGHT PROGRAMME.
S.B. from London.

9.30. NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

9.45. THE REV. G. W. KERR. *S.B. from London.*

10.0.—THE SAVOY ORPHEANS AND SAVOY HAVANA BANDS. *S.B. from London.*

12.0. Close down.

BOURNEMOUTH.

3.45. "AN AFTERNOON OF CAROLS"
GEORGE DALE (Solo Cornet)

4.45. WOMEN'S HOUR

5.15. KIDDIES HOUR
DR. VERKEY'S JUVENILE SERENADERS
The Three Uncles

7.10. J. C. B. CARTER, B.A., on Christmas Customs.

7.30. CHRISTMAS NIGHT PROGRAMME.
S.B. from London.

9.30. NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

9.45. THE REV. G. W. KERR. *S.B. from London.*

10.0.—THE SAVOY ORPHEANS AND SAVOY HAVANA BANDS. *S.B. from London.*

12.0.—Close down.

CARDIFF.

6.30. CHILDREN'S HOUR.
S.B. from London.

7.30. CHRISTMAS NIGHT PROGRAMME.
S.B. from London.

WAVE-LENGTHS AND CALL SIGNS.

LONDON (2LO)	350 Metres
ABERDEEN (2BD)	495 "
BIRMINGHAM (5IT)	475 "
[illegible]	"
CARDIFF (5WA)	435 "
GLASGOW (5SC)	420 "
MANCHESTER (2ZY)	400 "
NEWCASTLE (5NO)	370 "

9.30. NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

9.45. THE REV. G. W. KERR. *S.B. from London.*

10.0. THE SAVOY ORPHEANS AND SAVOY HAVANA BANDS. *S.B. from London.*

12.0. Close down.

MANCHESTER.

4.0. "A CHRISTMAS CAROL."
(Chas. Dickens)
Related by
R. J. REVER
Incidental Music arranged and played by
[illegible]

5.15.—CHILDREN'S HOUR: Including a few words from [illegible] Uncle, Father Xmas.

6.30. CHILDREN'S HOUR.
S.B. from London.

7.30. CHRISTMAS NIGHT PROGRAMME.
S.B. from London.

9.30.—NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

9.45.—THE REV. G. W. KERR. *S.B. from London.*

10.0.—THE SAVOY ORPHEANS AND SAVOY HAVANA BANDS. *S.B. from London.*

12.0.—Close down.

Announcer: Victor Smythe.

NEWCASTLE.

6.30. CHILDREN'S HOUR.
S.B. from London.

7.30. CHRISTMAS NIGHT PROGRAMME.
S.B. from London.

9.30. NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

9.45. THE REV. G. W. KERR. *S.B. from London.*

10.0. THE SAVOY ORPHEANS AND SAVOY HAVANA BANDS. *S.B. from London.*

12.0. Close down.

ALTERATIONS TO PROGRAMMES, Etc.

OWING to the enormous circulation of *THE RADIO TIMES*, it is necessary for the journal to go to press many days in advance of the date of publication. It sometimes happens, therefore, that the B.B.C. finds it necessary to make alterations or additions to programmes, etc., after *THE RADIO TIMES* has gone to press.

WIRELESS IN EVERY HOME.

By the Rt. Hon. Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, Bart., M.P.

SIR L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS.

THE record of 1923 is [illegible] remarkable one. Future [illegible] the development of social and political institutions will inevitably regard [illegible] Marconian age [illegible] development the will find that great strides are made, and particularly the progress of wireless telephony will be acknowledged as remarkable.

A Postmaster-General, whilst he of necessity is deeply engaged in day-to-day problems connected with his work, is sometimes rewarded by association with new ideas, discoveries, and inventions remarkable in themselves, and potent for good or for evil. Happily, my tenure of office as Postmaster-General was marked by close contact with a development of scientific knowledge, and the practical application of it that has brought, and will continue to bring, great happiness into a vast number of British homes.

When I first became associated with broadcasting, and the individuals responsible for the organization of the service that made it [illegible] the atmosphere surrounding it [illegible] with difficulty and even [illegible] Committee appointed to inquire into the troubles which existed, after earnest and strenuous work presented me with a Report, which, I think, enabled me to settle the troubles of the industry. This settlement I can look back on without [illegible] ing—perhaps even with some satisfaction.

A Far-Sighted Policy

As the investigations of this Committee were [illegible] me deeply impressed with the [illegible] of the work undertaken by the British Broadcasting Company. The rapidity and yet sureness with which it built up its organization, and the far-sighted policy by which it was inspired, convinced not only myself, but every member of the Committee, that the people had got new and powerful friends in those responsible for the managerial, engineering and programme departments working together with remarkable smoothness to add a new interest to the lives of the people.

It is impossible to foretell the social effects that broadcasting is likely to have in the course of years. The steam-engine made many strange and abiding changes in the lives, habits and thoughts of the community. Before its advent, social intercourse between large numbers of people separated by great distances was practically impossible. Their lives, therefore, and their interests, were narrow and circumscribed. Nowadays, it is a common thing for even the poorest people to have friends, and a knowledge of the country, hundreds of miles from home.

For Poor and Rich Alike

Similarly, before the formation of the British Broadcasting Company, the intellectual life of large masses of people was determined largely by the district in which they lived. Thousands who had the capacity to appreciate the finest music were unable, through living in places where it was rarely heard, to develop that interest.

Now that is all changed.

Broadcasting is absolutely democratic, and offers facilities for enjoyment equally to the poor as to those more fortunately placed. The Highland crofter, the Lancashire weaver, the Welsh miner, and the Cornish fisherman can now hear in his own home the sweetest singers, finest symphony concerts, and the ever [illegible] famous bands. Not only [illegible] but he is enabled to hear the [illegible] distinguished statesman who [illegible] influences his life. To him [illegible] is sent, through the magic of telephony, the learned words of eminent scientists, writers and those who have a good story to tell. Not only to this section, or any individual, possessing the necessary receiving apparatus. Whilst it is impossible to judge what the effects of this will be, it seems clear that in linking together the village, the town, and the city in this manner a tremendous influence for good is established. Simultaneous broadcasting will prove a powerful factor in this respect, enabling us, the same programme to be received in practically every part of the country.

Future Wonders

I watched with great interest the experiments conducted by the engineers of the British Broadcasting Company, in conjunction with the broadcasting stations in America. Their attempts to develop wireless [illegible] indicate another phase of achievement that is likely to open up new wonders in the future.

I have said that my ideal is to see a wireless receiving apparatus in every home in the country, and I believe that eventually this will be reached. The development of British [illegible] will undoubtedly tend [illegible] greater numbers of people [illegible] pleasure that their neighbours [illegible]

I am glad to have been associated with its development, and I am sure that the New Year [illegible] my belief in its virility [illegible] I compliment the B.B.C. [illegible] pioneer work accomplished in the face of many and great difficulties. It is a record of which any British organization may well be proud.

—I—

A Home Point of View.

By A Wireless Wife.

MUCH is demanded of the wife these days, especially the wife of a B.B.C. official. In the past year, during the initial stages of this great undertaking, much patience and understanding has been required—and given—by her. Such tact, too, to propitiate the cook over the many delayed and spoiled dinners!

On a "normal" evening, in one household it was found necessary to have an extension to the telephone on to the dinner-table—so with ear-pieces in one hand and fork in the other much business was done.

We were beginning to hope for less strenuous days for our men-folk as things came into shape, but they are apparently not to be. Even if there were leisure hours, now they are devoted to frenzied scribbling. Editors and publishers pursue them for articles, stories, and technical details of the broadcasting service—to say nothing of our own magazine.

Of course, we all have acts. If there be a breakdown, which is seldom, we feel the strain and anxiety as if we were personally responsible. On the other hand, we share the pleasure of an extra good transmission of extra good items. Such it is to be part of a great undertaking—and we are a part and we are proud of it, too. How thrilled we were at the first simultaneous show, especially when afterwards we heard of the thousands of letters of appreciation that came pouring in!

Radio Christmas Cards from the Poets.

"The Shades" Send Greetings.

Shakespeare.

[illegible] at the bare bald foot
[illegible] broadness and portentous depth
Wherein he bearded Sage, who drives at
O'er plains of icy proof and
What time the midnight bell rings in the
Which saw one Star stand o'er a cattle-s
And angels singing Peace. Goodwill to
May thereat the bauble plaything, sweetmeat

[illegible] and infant for
[illegible] the first to rearing castles str
To whipping tops and making puppets dance,
Be second to consuming condiments
Of sticky substance and insecurely dad
Plastering their mashed mouths until they seem
More kin to gargoyles than to human kind

Milton.

[illegible]
May this Christmastime be pa
Kisses sweeter than the scent
Of eglantine with roses blen
For maiden sighs and youthful dr
[illegible]
Therefore let them merry be,
Dancing round the Christmas-tree

Byron.

There is a sound of revelry by night
And all the world is gathered [illegible]
The ball the table decked in holly
Its brightness with a hearty
Resound with mirth that never once list
Ceased
With due pomp, the pudding in a blaze,
Late some new sunrise in the glowing east
Hath lit the festive scene with lurid rays
Fit beacon-sight for Christmas, bright as day

Burns.

A richt gude Christmas tae ye brither
Full many canny hours we've spent thegither,
And mae hae reckon'd sorrow, wind or weather,
In auld lang syne
But faith! I'll gie ye mae mair frae mother
For you maun dine!

Keats.

Much have I travelled in the realms of earth,
And many states and kingdoms have I seen,
Yet never have I wandered, never been
Where household love and jollity and mirth
Have seemed such diadems of priceless worth
As in this land of England, where, I ween,
The Christmas Star looks down, with ray
[illegible],
On such as celebrate the Holy Birth.

And though I'm but a watcher from the skies,
And now no more consort with mortal men,
Yet none upon this peak of heaven denies,
No seraph writes with an immortal pen,
That love, that's love in deed and truth, ere dies,
Or Life that is not Love e'er lives again.

Tennyson.

If you're waking, call me early, for 'tis Christmastide, my dear,
And I want to kiss you, darling, kiss you, woman, without peer,
Yes, to meet you, and to greet you, with a branch of mistletoe,
For the sake of all the Christmas joys of days long, long ago.

Some Distinguished Broadcasters

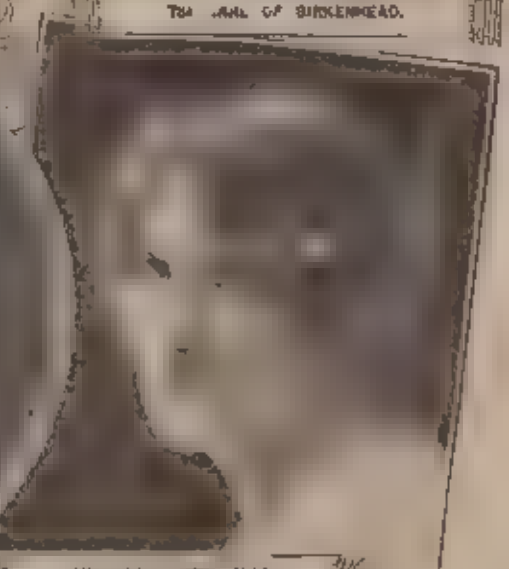
The Rt. Hon. J. R. CLYNES, M.P.

H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE

The Earl of BIRKENHEAD.

Miss DAISY KENNEDY

H.R.H. The PRINCE OF WALES.



Miss SYBIL THORNDIKE.

General The Rt. Hon. J. C. SMUTS.

Miss ELLEN TERRY.

Mr. H. G. WELLS.

The above are just a few of the distinguished people who have broadcast during 1923. Others include: The Viscount Burnham, The Marquis Curzon of Kedleston, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, Sir Hall Caine and Sir William Bull.

NEW YORK on a TWO-VALVE SET

These Letters tell their own story.

Sutton Coldfield
Chesterfield
1.6.23

Messrs The Colonial Electrical
Storage Co Ltd

Dear Sirs

You will see by the enclosed letter of my 2 valve set I received all the programmes of the new Wireless Transmitters and for all Practical purposes I get the Birmingham Station as clear as I do the Daventry 5 XX. The Cardiff Station I get very clear and strong but I have not the Glasgow or the London that I can get with the Valves. You are quite at liberty to publish this if you care

Yours faithfully
W Bacon

PS. I will see that more owners of Wireless Instruments use Exide Batteries

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
SCHENECTADY N Y

October 24, 1923.

Mr. W. Bacon,
Cavendish Motors, Ltd.,
Mowmall St.,
Chesterfield, England.

Dear Mr Bacon,

We were pleased to receive your letters of September 22nd and 24th enclosing a printed account of your reception of our program of September 21st.

In checking over our station log, we find that it corresponds in nearly every particular with your report of reception. The exceptions are noted on the sheet which you sent us and is being returned herewith.

If it is your practice to issue similar reports on all WGY receptions, we would be pleased to have you send us an extra copy for our files.

Trusting that you may continue to receive and enjoy our programs, and assuring you of our desire to hear from you whenever you are successful in tuning us in, we are

Very truly yours,
GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
BROADCASTING STATION WGY
By P K Hemstreet

Manager Sales
For Atlantic

Note particularly that Mr. Bacon could only get this result with

Exide

The long life battery.

Head Office & Works,
CLIFTON JUNCTION, Nr. MANCHESTER.
LONDON 219-229, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2

Chloride ELECTRICAL STORAGE COMPANY LIMITED.

BIRMINGHAM 57 58, Dale End.
MANCHESTER 1, Bridge Street.

USE CHLORIDE BATTERIES FOR HOUSE LIGHTING.

WIRELESS PROGRAMME—WEDNESDAY (Dec. 26th.)

The letters "S.B." printed in italics in these Programmes signify a Simultaneous Broadcast from the station mentioned.

LONDON.

7.30. **Children's Concert**
S.B. to other Stations
Punch and Judy
Musical Chairs
Animal Imitations.
Sir Roger de Coverley
[illegible]
Circles.

Popular Concert.
S.B. to other Stations

8.30. THE LONDON WIRELESS ORCHESTRA
Conducted by L. STANTON JEFFERIES
March, "Heroican ..... *Barnard*
[illegible]
JOHN HUNTINGTON Baritone.
JULIA LARKINS
Songs at the Piano: "Mamy's Lil' Feller" / "The Honour of the Family" / "'Cos a Little Girl Wants to [illegible]"
Orchestra
Musical Comedy Selection, "The Arcadians" *Monckton*
[illegible]
John Harrison.
Songs at the Piano: [illegible] / "Tiddle-em-Pom" / "I Wonder If the Goblins Know?"
[illegible]
[illegible]

9.30.—TIME SIGNAL, GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. *S.B. to all Stations*
Local News and Weather Forecast.

9.45.—MAJOR L. B. TOSSWILL, O.B.E., on "How Barney Comes to London." *S.B. to other Stations.*

10.0. THE SAVOY ORPHEANS AND SAVOY HAVANA BANDS, from the Savoy Hotel. *S.B. to other Stations.*

12.0.—Close down
Announcer: J. S. Dodgson.

BIRMINGHAM.

5.30. Agricultural Weather Forecast
KIDDIES CORNER.
PROFESSOR W. BURDIN in his PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW,' and a special Christmas Party, with Games by Wireless Music.

7.30. **"Sindbad the Sailor."**
The First Radio Panto Revue
[illegible] splendous scenes of the current taste.
Written, composed and produced by
ALL OF US.
[illegible] EVERYBODY—at times.
Orchestra and Chorus ANYBODY—now and then.

9.0. NEWS. *S.B. from London*
Local News and Weather Forecast
9.45. "SINGBAD THE SAILER." (Contd.)
10.30 Close down
Announcer: J. Lewis.

BOURNEMOUTH.

4.45.—Concert: Arthur S. Tetlow, L.R.A.M. (Solo Pianoforte).
4.45. WOMEN'S HOUR
5.15.—KIDDIES HOUR
6.15.—Sea Shore Half Hour
7.30. CHILDREN'S CONCERT
S.B. from London
8.30. POPULAR CONCERT
S.B. from London.
9.30. NEWS. *S.B. from London.*
9.45.—MAJOR L. B. TOSSWILL. *S.B. from London*
10.0.—THE SAVOY ORPHEANS AND SAVOY HAVANA BANDS. *S.B. from London*
12.0.—Close down
Announcer: Bertram Fryer.

CARDIFF.

4.30-4.30 Fa'kman and his Orchestra relayed from the Capitol Cinema.
5.30. THE HOUR OF THE "KIDDIE WINKS"

Popular Night.

7.30. ORCHESTRA.
Overture, "Stradella" ..... *Flotow*
7.40. RAMSAY CLARKE, Baritone.
The Two Grenadiers ..... *Schumann*
The Golden Vanity" ..... *Old*
Orchestra.
Suite, "Three Dances" from Henry VIII ..... *German*
8.0. CLOVIA GILES (Soprano).
Song, Thrush Song" ..... *Alice Barton*
Buy My Lovely Roses" ..... *Cecil Baxter*
8.10. "FEED THE BRUTE"
A Comedy by [illegible]
Relayed by special [illegible]

Samuel Pottle	CHARLIE CHIPMAN
Mrs. Pottle	KATE SAWLE
Mrs. Wicks	IRIS TREMAYNE

Scene: Pottles' Living Room, Mowsons' Buildings, Lambeth.

8.40. Orchestra.
Selection, "Stop Flirting" *Gershwin and Lady*
8.55. Ramsay Clarke.
"Somerset Shire" ..... *Old English*
"Widdecombe Fair" ..... *Old English*
9.3. DR. JAS. J. SIMPSON, M.A., D.Sc., on "Men and Voles."
Clovia Giles.
"In the Watch of a Dance" ..... *Herbert Oliver*
"Dearest, I Bring You Daffodils" ..... *Dorothy Forster*
9.25. Orchestra.
Concert Valse, "In Southern Seas" ..... *Saenger*
9.30.—NEWS. *S.B. from London.*
Local News and Weather Forecast.
9.45. The Orchestra and Staff
Some Popular Pantomime Numbers.
10.15.—Close down
Announcer: W. N. [illegible]

[illegible]

7.0. KIDDIES TALK
7.[illegible] JOHN PROCTOR (Baritone).
"Devonshire Wedding Song" ..... *Lyall Phillips*
Will o' the Wisp" ..... *J. W. Cherry*
MIKEL ARENSTEIN (Solo Cellist).
Polonaise de Concert ..... *D. Popper*
Poem ..... *Fitch*
MOLLY GRAY (Soprano).
"Ouvrez les Yeux Bleus" ..... *Lohr*
"Two Little Boys and the Apples" ..... *Collens*
JAMES WORSLEY (Dialect entertainer)
"Snowed Up," by Edwin Waugh.

This story deals with Christmas-time on Rockstone Edge. A number of travelers, snowed up, determine to make the best of it, and begin a jovial evening. Then each one tells a story.

KEYBOARD KITTY will play to the Kiddies.

Molly Gray.
Serenade ..... *Gounod*
You'll Get Heaps of Lickin's" ..... *[illegible]*
VICTOR SMYTHE has a [illegible]
Mikel Arenstein.
[illegible] ..... *Cui*
Oriental ..... *Cui*
Joan Proctor.
"Youth" ..... *Francis Allitsen*
"My Old Shako" ..... *Trotere*
9.30.—NEWS. *S.B. from London.*
Local News and Weather Forecast.
9.45. MAJOR L. B. TOSSWILL. *S.B. from London.*
10.0.—THE SAVOY ORPHEANS AND SAVOY HAVANA BANDS. *S.B. from London.*
12.0.—Close down
Announcer: Victor Smythe.

[illegible]

7.30. CHILDREN'S CONCERT.
S.B. from London.
8.30. POPULAR CONCERT.
S.B. from London.
9.30.—NEWS. *S.B. from London.*
9.45.—MAJOR L. B. TOSSWILL. *S.B. from London.*
10.0.—THE SAVOY ORPHEANS AND SAVOY HAVANA BANDS. *S.B. from London.*
12.0.—Close down.

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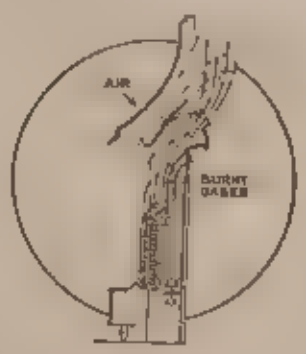

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WIRELESS PROGRAMME—THURSDAY. (Dec. 27th.)

The letters "S. B." printed in Italics in these Programmes signify a Simultaneous Broadcast from the station mentioned.

LONDON.

0.—WOMEN'S HOUR: A Chat on Health Culture, by Miss M. C. Shields. Aunt's Society Gossip
5.30. CHILDREN'S STORIES: Aunt Peggy's Christmas Museum. Aunt Helen and Uncle Humpty Dumpty's Magical Toy Christmas Pictures in Music. "Safe Before Home." by E. W. Lewis
6.15.—Boy Scouts and Girl Guides' News
7.0. TIME SIGNAL, 1ST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN *S.B. to all Stations*
Talk by the Radio Society of Great Britain *S.B. to all Stations*
MR. A. ROWLEY will "Broadcast" *S.B. to other Stations*
Local News and Weather Forecast
7. THE MARINERS OF ENGLAND *S.B. from Cardiff*
9.30. TIME SIGNAL. NEXT GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN *S.B. to all Stations*
Local News and Weather Forecast
9.45. MR. C. POLLARD CROWTHER on Christmas in Japan
10.0.—THE SAVOY ORPHEANS AND SAVOY HAVANA BANDS, relayed from the Savoy Hotel. *S.B. for various periods to all Stations.*
12.0. Close down
Announcer: C. A. Lewis.

BIRMINGHAM.

3.30-4.30.—Paul Rimmer's Orchestra relayed from Lozells Picture House.
5.0. WOMEN'S CORNER
Bedtime Stories and Farmers' Market Prices
KIDDIES' CORNER
6.45. Boy Scouts' and Girl Guides' News
7.0. NEWS. *S.B. from London.*
Radio Society Talk. *S.B. from London*
Local News and Weather Forecast.
7.30. ORCHESTRA
Overture, "Light Cavalry" ..... *Brepho*
Waltz, "Love Dreams" .....
THE GREYS' CONCERT PARTY
Chorus, "Our Introduction" ..... *M'S*
THE GREYS: Ensemble, "When the Sun goes Down" ..... *Orfeo*
ERNEST JONES: Banjo Solo, "A Ragtime Episode" ..... *Kerr*
THE GREYS: Concerted, "Smokin" *M'S*
LEONARD BROWN: Song, "When My Ships Come Sailing" ..... *Sanderson*
PERCY OWENS in Some Humour
THE GREYS: Burlesque, "Fun at the Fair" ..... *M'S*
8.15. Orchestra
Intermezzo, "Cinderella's Wedding" *Ancliff*
Descriptive Piece, "In a Chinese Temple" *Ke*
HARRY SMALLWOOD
Oboe Solo, "Musette"
8.45. The Greys' Concert Party
MESSRS. BROWN, JONES, BARTLETT and OWENS: Quartette, "The Rangers' Ball"
EDITH JAMES: A Piano and Some Songs
ERNEST JONES: Banjo Solo, "La Vivandiere" ..... *Kerr*
CHRISSIE STODDARD: Song, "Songs My Mother Taught Me" ..... *Dvorak*
EDITH JAMES and PERCY OWENS: Duologue, "Counter Attraction"
LEONARD BROWN and THE GREYS: Song, "My Lantern Girl" *Lowe*
THE GREYS: Burlesque, "Parisation"
and Finale, "Sing a Song of Saxpence" *Nicksun*
9.30. NEWS. *S.B. from London*
Local News and Weather Forecast
9.45. Orchestra
Overture, "Caliph of Bagdad" ..... *Boieldieu*
10.0. THE SAVOY ORPHEANS AND SAVOY HAVANA BANDS. *S.B. from London*
12.0. Close down.
Announcer: P. Eagar.

BOURNEMOUTH

3.45. Concerts: H. J. Sherring (Solo Baritone), Jessie Mann (Contralto), Arthur S. Tetlow (Solo Pianist)
4.45. WOMEN'S HOUR
5.15. KIDDIES' HOUR
6.0. Boy Scouts' and Girl Guides' News.
6.15. Selections Ha. Hear. Dickens and Christmas, by Herbert Bu.
7.0. NEWS. *S.B. from London*
Radio Society Talk. *S.B. from London.*
MR. A. ROWLEY *S.B. from London*
Local News and Weather Forecasts

A Night of Memories.

8.0. ORCHESTRA
Conductor: Capt. W. A. Featherstone.
Overture, "Plymouth Hoe" ..... *Busch*
8.15. AMY COCKBURN, Mezzo-Soprano
"In the Gloaming" ..... *Harrison*
"The Song That Reaches My Heart". *Jordan*
(With Orchestral Accompaniment)
8.25. Orchestra
Selection, W. H. Squire's Popular Songs arr. *Haynes*
8.40. HAROLD STROUD (Tenor)
Rose ..... *Adams*
..... *Thomas*
(With Orchestral Accompaniment)
8.50. Orchestra.
Gavotte Stella Moderne ..... *Rosse*
Amy Cockburn and Harold Stroud.
Duet, "The Keys of Heaven" ... *Brotherhood*
9.5. Orchestra.
Suite, "Poetic" ..... *Dvorak*
1. Allegro
2. Andante
3. Scherzo
4. Finale
NELLIE FULCHER (Solo Violin)
Selection from "Il Trovatore" ..... *Verdi*
(With Orchestral Accompaniment)
9.30.—NEWS. *S.B. from London*
Local News and Weather Forecast
Amy Cockburn
"Annie Laurie" ..... arr. *Lehmann*
"My Lady's Bower" ..... *Temple*
(With Orchestral Accompaniment)
9.55. Orchestra
Selection, "Faust" ..... *Gounod*
10.10. Harold Stroud
"Star of My Soul" ..... *Jones*
(With Orchestral Accompaniment)
Nellie Fulcher (Solo Violin)
A Medley of Scotch Songs ... arr. *Fletcher-Murdoch*
(With Orchestral Accompaniment)
10.25. Orchestra
Selection, "A Southern Maid" ..... *Braton*
10.40. Amy Cockburn
"Home Sweet Home" ..... arr. *Clutsam*
(With Orchestral Accompaniment.)
10.46.—Close down.
Announcer: Bertram Fryer.

CARDIFF

3.30-4.30.—Fuhrman and his Orchestra relayed from the Capitol Cinema
5.0. Girl Guides' News
5.15. HOUR OF THE "KIDDIES"
7.0. NEWS. *S.B. from London*
Radio Society Talk. *S.B. from London*
MR. A. ROWLEY *S.B. from London*
Local News and Weather Forecast
7.35. **"The Mariners of England."**
S.B. to London

How little do the landsmen know
What we poor sailors feel,
When waves do mount and winds do blow,
But we have hearts of steel.

The Captain, Officers, and Ship's Company of the B.B.C.S. *Cardiff*, present their respectful duty and have the pleasure to announce that, with the help of visitors aboard, they will give a "sing song" on deck.
The programme will be of the sea, of Ships, of Sailors, items grave and gay, pathetic and humorous, yarns of the Sea Service in peace and war, songs of the Seacrews in Port and Ivy, sea chanties and choruses.
The B.B.C.S. *London*, with friends aboard, will warp alongside for the concert. Come will join in giving the Officers, Ship's Crew and their friends the heartiest of welcomes.
At Three Bells in the Second Dog Watch (7.35 p.m.) the Skipper will hail Comradios and Guests, and all hands will be piped on deck. At Three Bells in the First Watch (9.30 p.m.) the Skipper will say "good night" and the Broadcasting will cease.
Visitors received [illegible] by CAPTAIN DAVIES [illegible]
[illegible]
Music
9.15.—Close down.
Announcer: The Skipper.

SWANSEA

3.30-4.30.—Concert by the "2ZY" Trio.
4.30. Boy Scouts' and Girl Guides' News.
5. [illegible] Farmers' Weather Forecast
5.30-9.30. **Children's Party.**
Arrival of Uncle George.
Conjuring Tricks
Father Xmas will tell a story
Uncle Willie will sing his own songs, accompanied by Auntie Helen.
It's a Fine Thing to Sing
A Song of Mother.
Uncle Charlie will play a Saxophone Solo, and ride his magic bicycle.
Uncle George will do some conjuring tricks,
Uncle Victor will tell you of Algy's visit to a Christmas Party
Uncle Tom will play his violin, Uncle Joseph his flute, and Uncle Pat the clarionet
All the Orchestra Aunties and Uncles will play music for dances, including Lancers and Polkas. They will also play "Sir Roger de Coverley" at the end.
The Cloud Lady and Keyboard Kitty will play the piano, and lots of cousins will [illegible]
NEWS. *S.B. from London*
Radio Society Talk. *S.B. from London*
NEWS. *S.B. from London*
Local News and Weather Forecast
10.0. [illegible] SAVOY ORPHEANS AND SAVOY HAVANA BANDS. *S.B. from London.*
12.—Close down.
Announcer: Victor Smythe.

NEWCASTLE.

3.45-4.45.—Madame Alec Thomson's Quartette Party
5.0. WOMEN'S HOUR.
CHILDREN'S HOUR.
Sea Scouts' Half Hour. Mr. W. C. F. Campaign, B.Sc.: Talk on "The Bridges of the Tyne."
6.30. Boy Scouts' and Girl Guides' News.
6.45. Farmers' Corner
7.0. NEWS. *S.B. from London*
Radio Society Talk. *S.B. from London.*
MR. A. ROWLEY *S.B. from London.*
Local News and Weather Forecast
ORCHESTRA
Selection, English Songs ... arr. *Myddleton*
[illegible] MADAME ALEC THOMSON'S QUARTETTE PARTY
Concert from the Persian Garden [illegible]
Orchestra
Waltz, "Wine, Women and Song" ..... *Strauss*

(Continued in col. 1, page 491.)

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WIRELESS PROGRAMME—FRIDAY (Dec. 28th.)

The letters "S.B." printed in italics in these Programmes signify a Simultaneous Broadcast from the station mentioned.

LONDON.

[illegible] WOMEN'S HOUR. The Lady [illegible] Mary [illegible] Recital of "Impressions of the Week," by Evelyn Van Somteren.

5.0 CHILDREN'S STORIES. Aunt Peggy [illegible] Sophistry. Uncle Jack [illegible] Wireless Yarn.

6.15 7.0.—Interval.

7.0.—TIME SIGNAL. 1st GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. *S.B. to all Stations.*

THE RIV. A. J. WALDRON [illegible] Dinner Sporting." *S.B. to all Stations.*

Local News and Weather Forecast.

7.30. XMAS PARTY. *S.B. from Manchester.*

9.30. TIME SIGNAL. 2nd GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. *S.B. to all Stations.* Local News and Weather Forecast.

9.45. MR. E. KAY ROBINSON on "The Theatre." *S.B. to All.*

10.0.—THE SAVOY ORPHEANS AND SAVOY HAVANA BANDS, relayed from the Savoy Hotel, London. *S.B. for various periods.*

12.0. Close down.

Announcer: G. C. Beaumont.

BIRMINGHAM.

3.30-4.30. [illegible] Relay [illegible] from Lozells Picture House.

6.0. WOMEN'S CORNER.

5.30. Agricultural Weather Forecast. KIDDIES' CORNER.

7.0.—NEWS. *S.B. from London.* Local News and Weather Forecast.

7.[illegible] [illegible] ITEMS. Special Request Items.

7.45.—MAJOR VERNON BROOK, M.I.A.E. on "Motors and Motoring Review."

8.0. JACK VENABLES. Humorous Songs at the Piano.

8.15-8.45.—Interval.

8.45. LEADS OF THE STATION REPERTORY COMPANY. Favourite Old Time Songs.

[illegible] PERCY EDGAR in Impersonations of one or two old favourite Music Hall Artistes.

9.30. NEWS. *S.B. from London.* Local News and Weather Forecast.

9.45. LEADS OF THE STATION REPERTORY COMPANY. Further Old Time Songs.

10.15. Orchestra. Special Request Items.

10.30.—Close down.

Announcer: P. Edgar.

BOURNEMOUTH.

3.0.—Concert: J. T. Thompson, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M., Pianoforte Recital.

4.45.—WOMEN'S HOUR.

5.15.—KIDDIES' HOUR.

A.C.P., "The Wizard Jack Frost."

[illegible] *S.B. from*

[illegible] *S.B. from*

Symphony Night.

8.0. GRAND ORCHESTRA.

Conductor: Capt. W. A. Featherstone.

Overture. "Rosamunde" ..... *Schubert*

10. LYELL JOHNSTON (Lyric Tenor).

"Roger's Courtship" }
"Because I Were Shy" } ..... *Johnston*
"Old John Braddum" }

8.30. Grand Orchestra.

Unfinished Symphony ..... *Schubert*

8.50. Lyell Johnston.

[illegible] Man—*S.B. from* [illegible]

9. Grand Orchestra.

Norwegian Rhapsody" ..... *Lalo*

9.[illegible] NEWS. *S.B. from London.* Local News and Weather [illegible]

9.45. Lyell Johnston.

"Poker Tim" ..... *Johnston*
"Nursery Rhymes" ..... *Johnston*

9.50. Grand Orchestra.

Military March, "Pomp and Circumstance" *Elgar*

10.15. Close down.

Announcer: Bertram Frost.

CARDIFF.

3.30-4.30.—Fulkman and his Orchestra relayed from the Capitol Cinema.

6.0. "WAS" "FIVE O'CLOCK." "Mr. Everyman," Talks to Women, Vocal and Instrumental Artistes, the Station Orchestra, Weather Forecast.

5.45. THE HOUR OF THE "KIDDIE WINKS."

7.0.—NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

THE REV. A. J. WALDRON. *S.B. from London.*

Local News.

Choral Night.

7.30.—THE CARDIFF MUSICAL SOCIETY'S MALE VOICE OCTET.

Old Folk Carols of the English Countryside.

VERA McCOMB THOMAS: Pianoforte Solo.

THE STATION ORCHESTRA.

9.30. NEWS. *S.B. from London.* Local News and Weather Forecast.

9.40. Dance Music.

10.30.—Close down.

Announcer: L. B. Page.

MANCHESTER.

3.30-4.30. Concert by the "2ZY" Trio.

5.0. MAINLY FEMININE.

5.25. Farmers' Weather Forecast.

5.30. CHILDREN'S HOUR.

6.15. Concert.

7.0.—NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

THE REV. A. J. WALDRON. *S.B. from London.*

Local News and Weather Forecast.

7.30 "A Xmas Party at 2ZY." *S.B. to London till 9.30.*

The Artistes who will be present at this party include [illegible]

Vocalists:

MARIE TAYLOR, ELENA TAYLOR, [illegible] ARCHIE PITT, NELL DAVIS, etc.

[illegible] THE STATION CHOIR, [illegible] NOEL, HAROLD MARSDEN, HUGH [illegible] LEAF RAYMOND, JEM WOODROW, [illegible] ALLEN, etc.

Entertainers:

VICTOR SMYTHE, R. J. HEALER, KEYBOARD KITTY, etc.

Choruses and Glees by the "2ZY" Opera Party.

The Programme includes Songs, Duets, Quartettes, etc.

Dance Music by the SAVOY DANCE BANDS. *S.B. from London,* and the "2ZY" ORCHESTRA.

9.30. NEWS. *S.B. from London.* Local News and Weather Forecast.

The Party will break up at 12.0 Midnight.

Announcer: Victor Smythe.

NEWCASTLE.

3.45.—Concert: Gladys Edmundson (Solo Pianoforte), Elsie Golightly and Tom Golightly (Soprano and Baritone), Duets and Solos.

4.45. WOMEN'S HOUR.

5.15. CHILDREN'S HOUR.

6.0.—Scholars' Half Hour. Mr. F. J. Duffy on "Literary Appreciation."

6.35. Farmers' Corner.

NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

THE REV. A. J. WALDRON. *S.B. from London.*

Local News and Weather Forecast.

7.30. WAVERLEY ORCHESTRA.

Overture, "Oberon" ..... *Weber*
Patrol, "Wee Macgregor" ..... *Amers*

7.45. GEORGE HARRIS (Tenor).

"Three Little Spanish Songs" ..... *Lohr*

7.55. HERBERT J. MANSFIELD (Solo 'Cello).

"Nocturne" in D. Major ..... *Goltermann*
[illegible] ..... [illegible]

8.5. PHYLLIS RICKARD (Contralto).

When I Am Dead, My Dearest" ..... *Bird*
"Tommy Lad" ..... *Margetts*

8.15. Waverley Orchestra.

Waltz, "Christmas Roses" ..... *Waldteufel*
Quartette "Bella" ..... *Bucalossi*

8.[illegible] George Harris.

"The Sweetest Song" ..... *James*
"Trusting Eyes" ..... *Gardner*

8.35. Waverley Orchestra.

"The Cabaret Girl" ..... *Haynes*
Fox-trot, "Saw Mill River Road" ..... *Jones*

8.50. Phyllis Rickard.

"Mighty Like a Rose" ..... [illegible]
"Little French Baby" ..... [illegible]
"An Old Garden" ..... *Temple*

9.0-9.30. [illegible]

9.30.—NEWS. *S.B. from London.* Local News and Weather Forecast.

9.45. Waverley Orchestra.

"A Musical Switch" ..... *Alford*

10.0. THE SAVOY ORPHEANS AND SAVOY HAVANA BANDS. *S.B. from London.*

10.30.—Close down.

Announcer: C. K. Parsons.

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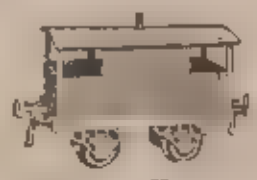

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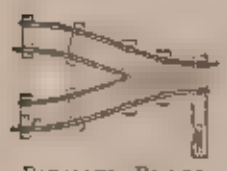

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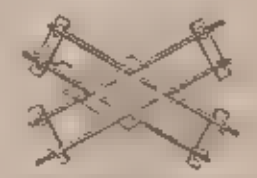

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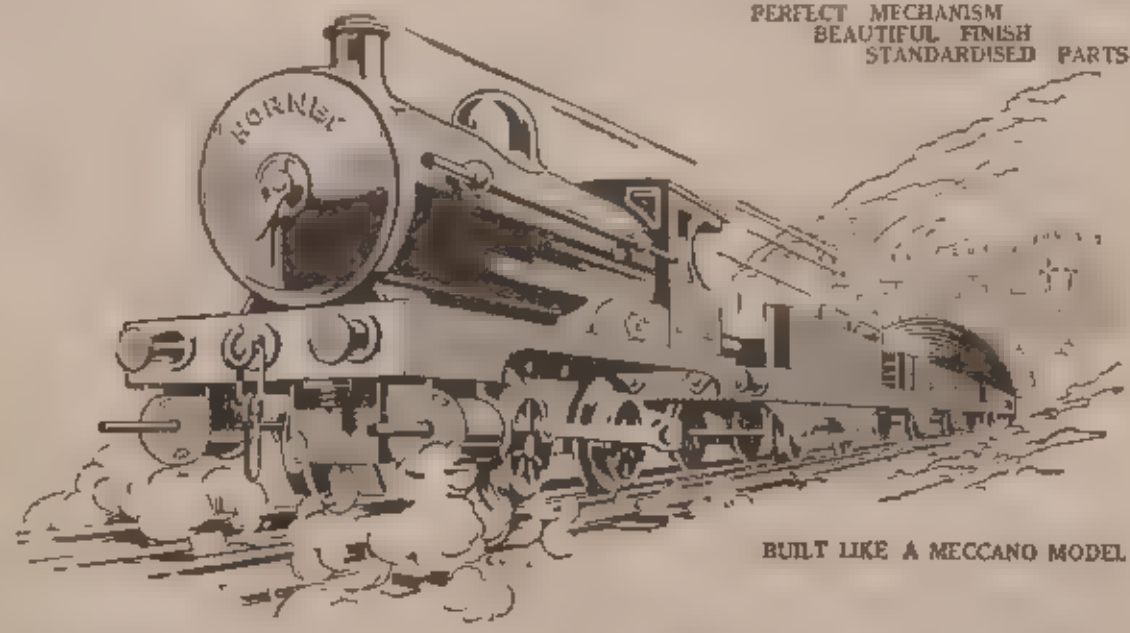

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WIRELESS PROGRAMME—SATURDAY (Dec. 29th.)

The letters "S.B." printed in italics in these Programmes signify a Simultaneous Broadcast from the station mentioned.

LONDON.

5.0.—WOMEN'S HOUR. Fashion Talk by Nora Shanton. Garden Talk by Mr. Vernon Cran, F.R.H.S.

5.30.—CHILDREN'S STORIES. Auntie Sophie to the Piano. Games and Pastimes. Children's Newspaper.

6.25.—PROFESSOR CHESTER, relayed from [illegible]

7.15.—TIME SIGNAL. 1ST GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. *S.B. to all Stations.* Local News and Weather Forecast.

7.30.—THE MAGIC FLUTE, Act I. Music relayed from the Old Vic Theatre. *S.B. to Aberdeen.*

8.40.—MR. R. D. S. McMILLAN in Lang's Parliament.

8.55.—"THE MAGIC FLUTE," Act II. relayed from the Old Vic Theatre. *S.B. to Aberdeen.*

10.0.—TIME SIGNAL. 2ND GENERAL NEWS BULLETIN. *S.B. to all Stations.* Local News and Weather Forecast.

10.25.—THE SAVOY ORPHEANS AND SAVOY HAVANA BANDS, relayed from the Savoy Hotel. *S.B. to other Stations.*

12.0.—Close down.

Announcer: C. A. Lewis.

BIRMINGHAM.

3.30-4.30.—Concert for the Kiddies.

5.0.—WOMEN'S CORNER.

5.30.—Agricultural Weather Forecast. KIDDIES CORNER.

NEWS. *S.B. from London.*
Local News and Weather Forecast.

Musical Comedy Night.

7.30.—ORCHESTRA.
March, "Libertas" [illegible] *Amelia*
Overture, "Orpheus in the Underworld" *Offenbach*

8.0.—WALTER BADHAM in humorous Items [illegible]

8.30-8.45.—Interval.

8.45.—SIDNEY RUSSELL AND DORIS LEMON of the B.N.O.C. A Lecture-Recital from various Musical [illegible]

Selected Numbers will be taken from the following:—

"La Perichole," "Grand Duchess," "The Daughter of Madame Angot," "Barbe de Cornesville," "Dorothy," "The Floradora," "The Waltz Dream," [illegible]

9.30.—Orchestra.
Intermezzo, "In the Night," from "The [illegible] Suite" *Zay*

10.0.—NEWS. *S.B. from London.*
Local News and Weather Forecast.

10.25.—Close down.

Announcer: J. Lewis.

BOURNEMOUTH.

3.45.—Concert. Ernest Lush (Solo Pianist), Reginald S. Mount (Solo Violin).

5.45.—WOMEN'S HOUR.

6.15.—CHILDREN'S HOUR.

6.45.—Scholars' Half Hour.

7.0.—NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

7.15.—F. O. SPARKS on "Wireless."

7.40.—Local News and Weather Forecast.

7.45-8.0.—Interval.

Dance Programme.

8.0.—ORCHESTRA.
Conductor: Capt. W. A. Featherstone.
Fox-trot, "Moon Man", Fox-trot, "Mine" Valse, "Hawaiian Maid", Fox-trot, "My Sweetie Went Away."

8.15.—JACK MOORE (Entertainer).
"The Three Trees" ..... *Purcell*
"Sly Ass" ..... *Leigh*

8.25.—H. J. SHERRING, Solo Banjo.
"Serata Nova" ..... *A. [illegible]*
"Scissors Solo Jig" ..... *arr. Ea[illegible]*

8.30.—TWO VOCAL AND ORCHESTRAL SONG SCENES.
(a) "Onorel"; (b) "On the Links."
(Words and Music by Capt. W. A. Featherstone.)

8.55.—Orchestra.
Fox-trot, "Seven and Eleven" ..... [illegible]
Fox-trot, "Annabelle" ..... Jack Moore
[illegible] ..... Sherring
"Two Country Dances" ..... *Lamontagne*

9.0.—Orchestra.
Fox-trot, "I Love Me" Fox-trot, "Down-hearted Blues" Valse, "In the Heart of the World You're Mine", Fox-trot, "Shake that Shimmy" One-step, "Ain't Got a Min[illegible]"

10.0.—Jack Moore.
Listening In ..... *Lerman*

10.10.—NEWS. *S.B. from London.*
Local News and Weather Forecast.

10.25.—H. J. Sherring.
Fox-trot, "Jollity" ..... *Morley*
"Dustman's Pipes" ..... *Lamb*

10.30.—Close down.

Announcer: Bertram Fryer.

CARDIFF.

7.30-4.30.—Falkman and his Orchestra relayed from the Capitol Cinema.

5.0.—"KIDDIEWINKS' PARTY." Uncle and Aunties of 5WA.

7.15.—NEWS. *S.B. from London.*
Local News and Weather Forecast.

7.30.—MR. WILLIE C. CLISSITT on "Sport of the Week."

Popular Night.

Vocalist: LYELL JOHNSTONE. Violinist: Solo Violin: BERT G. ISAACS.

7.45.—Orchestra: Overture, "Dragons de Villars" (*Maillart*).

7.55.—Violin Soli: (a) "Souvenir" (*Drdla*) (b) "Old English Air."

8.5.—Orchestra: (a) "The Wedding of the Rose" (*Jaxel*); (b) Morceaux, "Merry Negro Dances."

8.15.—Songs: (a) "Tinker Jim" (*Lyell Johnstone*); (b) "Susan" (*Chester*).

8.25.—CHARLIE CHIPMUNK in another Adventure of 'Erb 'Arris: "'Erb 'Arris Buys a Wireless Set" (*Ernest Crookes*).

8.40.—Violin Soli: (a) Aria (1000) (*Tanaglia*), (b) "Samoan Lullaby" (*Tod Boyd*).

8.50.—Songs: Three North Country Songs (*Lyell Johnstone*). (a) "Roger's Courtship", (b) "Because I Were Shy", (c) "Gud John Braddum."

9.0.—Orchestral Selection, "Phi Phi" (*Christiné*).

9.15.—MR. S. H. STOTT, Chat on "Illustrating a Newspaper."

9.25.—Songs: (a) "Clarinda" (*Orlando Morgan*); (b) "A Fat La'l Feller With His Mammy's Eyes" (*Gordon*).

9.35.—Orchestra: Concert Valse, "The Chimes" (*Fowler*).

9.45.—Dance Music.

10.10.—NEWS. *S.B. from London.*
Local News and Weather Forecast.

10.25.—Close down.

Announcer: W. N. Settle.

MANCHESTER.

3.30-4.30.—Concert relayed from the Oxford Picture [illegible]

5.0.—MAINLY FEMININE.
[illegible]

5.30.—CHILDREN'S HOUR.
NEWS. *S.B. from London.*
Local News and Weather Forecast.
KEYBOARD KITTY will open the [illegible]

STELLA REDFORD (Mezzo-Soprano).
"A Summer Night" ..... *Goring Thomas*
"Down in the Forest" ..... *Sir Landon Ronald*

T. M. H. MORRISON (Solo Violin).
1st Movement from Fantasia "Appassionata" ..... *Vieuxtemps*

MABEL MAY (Contralto).
"You" ..... *B. Lamote*
"Lament of Isis" ..... *Granville Bantock*

L. T. WHIPP (Dialect Entertainer).
A Tale About a Dog.

TOM CASE, [illegible]
Three Old English Songs.
[illegible]
"[illegible]"
"[illegible]"
"Comin' Thro' the Rye" ..... *Traditional*

Tom H. Morrison.
Mazourka ..... *Zarzycki*

Mabel May.
"It Is Only a Tiny Garden" ..... *Haydn Wood*
"Haven of Tenderness" ..... *Easton Gordon*

L. T. Whipp.
"Gabblin' Gossipers."

Tom Case.
"Ghi the Fluters' Ball" ..... *French*
"Dye Ken John Peel?" ..... *Traditional*

VICTOR SMYTHE AND ALEX.

10.10.—NEWS. *S.B. from London.*
Local News and Weather Forecast.

10.30.—THE SAVOY ORPHEANS AND SAVOY HAVANA BANDS. *S.B. from [illegible]*

11.0.—Close down.

Announcer: Victor Smythe.

NEWCASTLE.

3.45-4.45.—Concert: J. McIntosh (Solo Cornet), James E. Rowell (Tenor).

4.45.—WOMEN'S HOUR.

5.15.—CHILDREN'S HOUR.

5.45.—Scholars' Half Hour. Mr. L. L. Strong, A.L.C.M. Talk on "Musical Appreciation." The Story of the Orchestra.

6.35.—Farmers' Corner.

7.15.—NEWS. *S.B. from London.*
Local News and Weather Forecast.

7.30.—BARTON COLLIERY BAND.
Overture, "Prometheus" ..... *Beethoven*

7.45.—WILLIAM A. BATES (Entertainer).
[illegible]

7.55.—[illegible] DAN (Baritone).
"Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind" *Sargeant*
"Up From Somerset" ..... *Sanderson*

8.5.—Band.
Duet for two cornets, "Ida and Dot" *Tosey*
(Cornet Soloists: Harry Smith and Joseph Rowell.)

8.15.—PHYLLIS HOWE (Soprano).
"Fairy Revel" ..... *Oliver*
"As Once In May" ..... *Lassen*

8.25.—William A. Bates.
Microphonics.

8.35.—Band.
Selection, "A Military Church Parade" *Hume*

8.47.—F. Kemp Jordan.
[illegible] ..... *Handel*

8.50.—Phyllis Howe.
"Butterfly Wings" ..... *Phillips*
"Ocean Thou Mighty Monster" ..... *Meyerbeer*

8.55.—"THE MAGIC FLUTE," Act II. *S.B. from London.*

10.0.—NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

10.25.—THE SAVOY ORPHEANS AND SAVOY HAVANA BANDS. *S.B. from [illegible]*

11.30.—Close down.

Announcer: R. C. Frail.

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WIRELESS PROGRAMME—ABERDEEN (Dec 23rd to Dec 29th)

The letters "S.B." printed in italics in these Programmes signify a Simultaneous Broadcast from the station mentioned.

SUNDAY.

3.0-5.0 Concert by THE BAND OF H.M. IRISH GUARDS. GWEN GODFREY (Soprano), BEATRICE EVE[illegible] (Cello) and JOHN COLLINSON (Tenor). *S.B. from London*
6.30. CAPT. IAN FRASER. *S.B. from London*
6.[illegible] Hymns of ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL [illegible]
8.[illegible] THE LORD BISHOP OF SOUTH [illegible]. *S.B. from London*
9.5 THE MESSIAH. *S.B. from London*
[illegible] NEWS. *S.B. from London*
7.45. Close down

MONDAY.

3.30-4.30.—Aberdeen Wireless Quartette. Popular Afternoon
5.0.—WOMEN'S HALF HOUR
5.30.—CHILDREN'S CORNER
6.0.—Weather Forecast for Farmers
6.5.—Talk on French Language with examples
6.30. Boys' Brigade News
6.40. Scoutmaster R. B. Williamson on "The Scouts' Promise"
7.0. NEWS. *S.B. from London*
MR. A. M. PERKINS. *S.B. from London*
Local News and Weather Forecast
7.30. SIR FRANK BENSON in Shakespearean Recitals. *S.B. from Newcastle*
8.15-8.30 [illegible]
9.30.—NEWS. *S.B. from London*
9.40. SIR FRANK BENSON. *S.B. from [illegible]*
10.30. THE SAVOY ORPHEANS AND SAVOY HAVANA BANDS. *S.B. from London*
11.0. Xmas Carols and Waits
12.0. Close down
Announcer: R. E. Jeffrey

TUESDAY.

3.30-4.30. The Aberdeen Wireless Quartette. Musical Afternoon
5.0. WOMEN'S HALF HOUR
5.30.—CHILDREN'S CORNER
6.0. Weather Forecast for Farmers

From "Grave to Gay" Night.

7.15. ORCHESTRA
"Valse Triste" [illegible] to "[illegible]" ..... *Tchaikovsky*
7.25 ISOBEL SHAW (Soprano)
Flora MacDonald's Lament" ..... *arr. Keel*
The Children's Hour
7.35 Orchestra
Largo" ..... *Handel*
Serenata" ..... *Braga*
7.50. ROBERT E. ANDERSON (Baritone)
Mother O' Mine ..... *Tours*
In a [illegible] Town" ..... *Squire*
8.[illegible] Orchestra.
[illegible] Minuet" ..... *Amer*
8.10 SIR JAMES TAGGART, K.B.E., LL.D. A few Stories
8.25. Isobel Shaw
Serenade" ..... *Gounod*
"Awake" ..... *Phillips*
8.[illegible] [illegible]
"The Gathering of the Clans" ..... *arr. Volti*
8.45. Robert E. Anderson
"The Drum Major" ..... *Newton*
"The Floral Dance" ..... *Moss*
8.55. Orchestra
"The Whistler and His Dog" ..... *Pryor*
9.0-9.30.—Interval.
9.30.—NEWS. *S.B. from London*
Local News and Weather Forecast.
9.45. THE REV. G. W. KEER. *S.B. from London*
10.0. THE SAVOY [illegible] AND SAVOY HAVANA BANDS. *S.B. from London*
12.0.—Close down
Announcer: R. E. Jeffrey

WEDNESDAY.

3.30-4.30 The Aberdeen Wireless Quartette. Dance Afternoon
5.0. WOMEN'S HALF HOUR
5.30.—CHILDREN'S CORNER
6.0.—Weather Forecast for Farmers

Old Time Christmas Night.

7.30-8.0 and 9.45-10.30
This evening's programme consists of the Reminiscences of an old Waterbury and Joan
[illegible] of the following
[illegible]
The [illegible] (Hymn played [illegible] prior to the introduction of organs)
The old villagers' wassailing
(These may be called "external" cameos)
Children's bed time
Love and a fair [illegible]
Darby and Joan
(Interior cameos.)
Written by R. E. JEFFREY
Directed by JOYCE TREMAINE.
9.0-9.30 [illegible]
9.30 NEWS. *S.B. from London*
Local News and Weather [illegible]
10.30 Close down
Announcer: W. D. Simpson

THURSDAY.

3.30-4.30. The Aberdeen Wireless Quartette. [illegible]
5.0 WOMEN'S HALF [illegible]
5.30 CHILDREN'S CORNER
[illegible] Forecast for Farmers
6.40. [illegible]'s and Girl Guides' News.
[illegible] NEWS. *S.B. from London*
Radio Society Talk. *S.B. from [illegible]*
MR. A. ROWLEY. *S.B. from London*
Local News and Weather Forecast

Night of Old Scotch Airs.

7.35. ORCHESTRA
Overture "Prince Charlie" ..... *Volti*
7.40. CATHERINE DUNCAN (Contralto)
The Auld Scotch Songs" ..... *Lorain*
"Braw, Braw Lads" ..... *Burns*
7.50. Orchestra
Selected Songs of Scotland
8.0. HARRY RICHE[illegible] [illegible]
Mary of Argyle" ..... *Nelson*
The Rowan Tree
8.10 DR. JOHN P. LEVACK, M.B., C.M. on "Mountaineering"
8.25. Orchestra
Selection "Rhoderick Dhu" ..... *Volti*
8.40 Catherine Duncan
"Thro' the Rye" ..... *Traditional*
[illegible] Harry
8.50 Orchestra
Selection "Kaleidoscope" ..... *Volti*
9.0-9.30 [illegible]
9.30. NEWS. *S.B. from London*
Local News and Weather Forecast
9.45 Harry Riche
"Wee Thing" ..... *Fox*
"The Bonnie Braes O' Ayr"
9.55. Orchestra
Overture, "Rob Roy" ..... *arr. Dr. Bell*
10.10. Catherine Duncan
"Caller Ou'"
"Hundred Pipers" *&c.*
10.20. Orchestra
"The Thistle" ..... *Myddleton*
10.30 THE SAVOY ORPHEANS AND SAVOY HAVANA BANDS. *S.B. from London*
12.0 Close down.
Announcer H. McKee.

FRIDAY.

3.30-4.30. The Aberdeen Wireless Quartette. [illegible]
5.0. CHILDREN'S HALF HOUR
6.0 Weather Forecast for Farmers
6.0. NEWS. *S.B. from London*
THE REV. A. J. WALDRON. *S.B.* [illegible]
Local News and Weather [illegible]

Light Opera Night.

7.30. ORCHESTRA
Selection "Chu Chin Chow" ..... *Norton*
7.40. ELSIE BOURNE (Soprano).
"Good-bye" ..... *Tosti*
"Kashmiri Song" ..... *Woodforde-Finden*
7.50. Orchestra
Selection "Brian Boru" ..... *Monckton*
8.0 JACK RONALD Elocutionist
"A Tale of the East" ..... *R. E. Jeffrey*
"My Motor Car" ..... *R. E. Jeffrey*
8.10. Orchestra
Suite "The Gentry" ..... *Jan*
8.30 Elsie Bourne
"Knowest Thou That Dear Land" ..... *Tosti*
"It Was a Lover" ..... *Coat*
8.50. Orchestra
Selection of Offenbach's Work
9.4 Jack Ronald
"Impressions of a Wedding"
8.50. Orchestra
Selection. "Maid of the East" ..... *Kern*
9.0-9.30. Interval
9.30. NEWS. *S.B. from London*
Local News and Weather Forecast
9.45. MR. E. KAY ROBINSON. *S.B. from [illegible]*
10.0 THE SAVOY ORPHEANS AND SAVOY HAVANA BANDS. *S.B. from London*
12.0 [illegible]
Announcer: H. McKee

SATURDAY.

3.30-4.30. The Aberdeen Wireless [illegible] Comedy Afternoon
5.0 [illegible] HALF HOUR
5.30 CHILDREN'S CORNER.
6.0. Weather Forecast for Farmers
7.15. NEWS. *S.B. from London*
Local News and Weather Forecast

Dance Night.

7.30. ORCHESTRA.
Waltz, "In the Eyes of the World You are Mine", Fox-trot, "The Cat's Whiskers"
7.45. HUGH MUNRO (Bass)
"The Vagabond" ..... *Vaughan Williams*
The Curfew ..... *Gould*
7.55 Orchestra
Set of Quadrilles, "[illegible]"
8.0 NANCY DONALDSON (Soprano)
Rest at Mid-day" ..... *[illegible]*
Over the Mountains ..... *[illegible]*
8.20 DR. DAVID [illegible]
A few Anecdotes
8.35. [illegible]
One-step, "Ma[illegible]", Fox-trot [illegible] Song
Persia"; Fox-trot, "That Red Hair Gal"
8.50. Hugh Munro
The Rebel ..... *Wall[illegible]*
"The Trumpeter" ..... *Dix*
9.0. Orchestra
Highland Selection, "The Dancing Scotch[illegible]"
9.10-9.30. Interval
9.30. Orchestra
Waltz, "[illegible]", Fox-trot, "Queen of the Nile"
9.45. Nan Donaldson
"Secrecy" ..... *Woo[illegible]*
"Lullaby" ..... *Keel*
9.55. Orchestra
Set of Quadrilles, "Jig Time."
10.10.—NEWS. *S.B. from London*
Local News and Weather Forecast
10.25.—Close down
Announcer: W. D. Simpson

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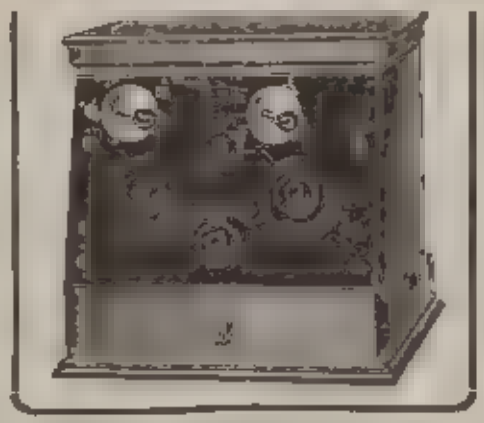

One purchaser received nine American stations during recent tests, whilst practically every owner received two or more stations.

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[illegible] £12 9 0 [illegible]

15/ [illegible]

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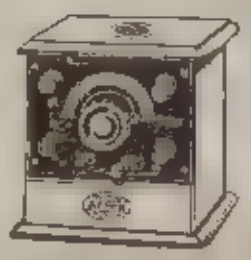

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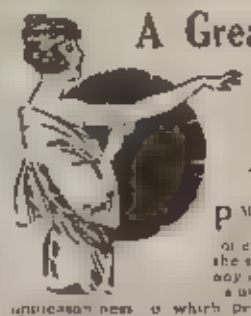

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WIRELESS PROGRAMME—GLASGOW (Dec. 23rd to Dec 29th.)

The letters "S.B." printed in italics in these Programmes signify a Simultaneous Broadcast from the station mentioned.

SUNDAY.

3.0-5.0.—Concert by THE BAND OF H.M. IRISH GUARDS, GWEN GOLFREY (Soprano), BEATRICE EVELINE (Solo Cello), and JOHN COLLINSON (Tenor) *S.B. from London*

5.30.—CAPT. IAN FRASER *S.B. from London*

6.35. Members of ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL CHOIR. *S.B. from London*

6.45. THE LORD BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK. *S.B. from London.*

9.10. "THE MESSIAH" *S.B. from London*

10.30. NEWS. *S.B. from London*

10.45. Close down

MONDAY.

3.30-4.30. An Hour of Melody by the Wireless Quartette

5.0.—A TALK TO WOMEN

5.30.—THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

6.0.—Weather Forecast for Farmers

6.45. Boys' Brigade News

7.0. NEWS. *S.B. from London*
MR. A. M. PEAKINS. *S.B. from London*
Local News and Weather Forecast

7.[illegible] SIR FRANK BENSON in Shakespearean Recitals. *S.B. from Newcastle*

9.15-9.30. Interval

9.30. NEWS. *S.B. from London.*

9.40. SIR FRANK BENSON *S.B. from Newcastle*

10.30. THE SAVOY ORPHEANS AND SAVOY HAVANA BANDS. *S.B. from London*

12.0. Special Announcements. Close down

Announcer: A. H. Swinton Paterson

TUESDAY.

3.30-4.30.—An Hour of Melody by the Wireless Quartette

5.0. A TALK TO WOMEN

5.30. THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

6.0. Weather Forecast for Farmers

7.0. Christmas Night Programme.

ORCHESTRA

Games for the Children: "The Grand Old Duke of York," "The Musical Chairs," etc.

7.20. BOYS' CHOIR OF WOODSIDE PARISH CHURCH

Choirmaster: J. W. Sharpe

"This Day a Child is Born" ... *Traditional*
"A Virgin Most Pure" ... *Traditional*
Carol "Sweetly Carol" ... *Modern*

7.30. "A CHRISTMAS CAROL" *(Charles Dickens)*

Produced by GEORGE ROSS

8.30. Boys' Choir

"The First Noel" ... *Traditional*
Good Christian Men, Rejoice ... *Traditional*
"Sleep, Baby, Sleep" ... *Modern*

8.40.—ROBERT MURRAY, Entertainer at the Piano: "By Himself"

9.0-9.30.—Interval

9.30. NEWS. *S.B. from London*
Local News and Weather Forecast

9.45. CHRISTMAS FARE BY THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA

Entr'acte. "Alone on a Xmas Morning" *Amers*
Selection of Xmas Carols

10.0. Robert Murray, Entertainer at the Piano: "Alone in the Studio."

10.12. MORE CHRISTMAS FARE BY THE WIRELESS ORCHESTRA

Entr'acte, "Xmas Bells" ... *Eatenberg*
Selection of Popular Airs

10.30.—THE SAVOY ORPHEANS AND SAVOY HAVANA BANDS. *S.B. from London.*

12.0. Special Announcements. Close down.

Announcer: Mungo M. Dewar

WEDNESDAY.

7.30. CHILDREN'S CONCERT *S.B. from London.*

8.30. POPULAR CONCERT *S.B. from London.*

9.30.—NEWS. *S.B. from London*

9.45. MAJOR L. B. TOSSWILL. *S.B. from London*

10.0. THE SAVOY ORPHEANS AND SAVOY HAVANA BANDS. *S.B. from London.*

12.0. Close down

THURSDAY.

3.30-4.30.—An Hour of Melody by the Wireless Quartette

5.0.—A TALK TO WOMEN

5.30.—THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

6.0. Weather Forecast for Farmers

6.45.—Boy Scouts and Girl Guides News

7.0.—NEWS. *S.B. from London*
Radio Society Talk. *S.B. from London*
MR. A. ROWLEY. *S.B. from London*
Local News and Weather Forecast

7.[illegible] **Dance Night.**

AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA

Vocal Fox-trot "Shores of Monika ... Waltz ... Moscow Moon ... Fox-trot, 'Handel Wakes'

7.47. TINA McINTYRE (Soprano)
"O Dry Those Tears" ... *Teresa Del Riego*
"Come Back to Erin" ... *Claribel*

7.57. Orchestra
Vocal Fox-trot, "I Love Me"; Waltz, "Arrawarra"; One-step, "Down in China Town"

8.14.—SIR GERVEY COLLINS on "The Inventions of Watt and Man"

8.25. Tina McIntyre
Golden Stars that Shone in Lombardy' ... *H. Lohr*
Romanza and Scena" (Cavalleria Rusticana) ... *Mascagni*

8.35. Orchestra
Quadrilles, Waltz, 'In the Eyes of the World You are Mine"; One-step, "Flo da Moon"; Fox-trot, "Burning Sands."

9.0-9.30.—Interval

9.30.—NEWS. *S.B. from London.*
Local News and Weather Forecast
Orchestra.
Eightsome Reel; Waltz, "Molly Kennedy"; Fox-trot, 'I Wish I Knew'; One-step, "Peter Gink"; Waltz, "Romany Rose'; Fox-trot, "Magic Bird."

10.30. Special Announcements. Close down.

Announcer: A. H. Swinton Paterson.

FRIDAY.

5.30-4.30. An Hour of Melody

5.0. A TALK TO WOMEN

5.30.—THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

6.0. Weather Forecast for Farmers.

7.0.—NEWS. *S.B. from London*
THE REV. A. J. WALDRON. *S.B. from London.*
Local News and Weather Forecast

Special Dance Night.

AUGMENTED ORCHESTRA

7.30. Fox-trot, 'I've Got the Yes We-have No Bananas Blues"; Waltz, "Isle of Sweethearts", One-step, 'La La La."
PEG GORDON (Entertainer at the Piano)
Humorous Recital in Song and Story.
Orchestra.
Fox-trot, "Sunflower"; Waltz, "Angelus", Highland Schottische, "Gold Stuff."
Peg Gordon. More Stories and More Songs.
Orchestra.
Lancers, "A Birthday Party"; Waltz, "Mississippi Moonbeams", One-step, "Mister Gallagher and Mister Shean", Fox-trot, "Take a Trip."

9.0-9.30. Interval

9.30.—NEWS. *S.B. from London*
Local News and Weather Forecast

9.45. Orchestra
Eightsome Reel; Waltz, "Nellie Kelly, I Love You"; Military Two-step, "Blaze of Glory"; One-step, 'Who Threw the Water on the Tom Cat's Back?"; Fox-trot, "Carolina in the Morning", Waltz, "For Old Times' Sake."

10.30. Special Announcements. Close down.

Announcer: Mungo M. Dewar.

SATURDAY.

3.30-4.30.—An Hour of Melody by the Wireless Quartette

5.0.—A TALK TO WOMEN

5.30.—THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

6.0.—Weather Forecast for Farmers
NEWS. *S.B. from London*
Local News and Weather Forecast

7.30. **"SOOSIE'S" Christmas, "Pudding and Pie."**

A Mixture of Good Things
A Real Wholesome Fare
Ingredients Mixed and Baked by our own Cooks on the Premises.
Wigs supplied by "SOOSIE," the Studio Cat.
Costumes ... by Mrs. Mike
Scenery ... by Mr. Mac
Lighting ... by Jimmy
Sauce ... by All and Sundry
Interruptions by the Author and Producer
MR. GEORGE ROSS.

9.15-9.30. Interval

9.30. ORCHESTRA
Selection, "A Musical Jig-Saw" ... *Aston*
Waltz, "Gems of Gungl" ... *A. Winter*
Entr'acte, "The Londonderry Air" ... *O'Connor Morris*
Suite, "Americana" ... *Thurban*

10.10.—NEWS. *S.B. from London*
Local News and Weather Forecast

10.30.—Special Announcements. Close down

Announcer: H. A. Carruthers.

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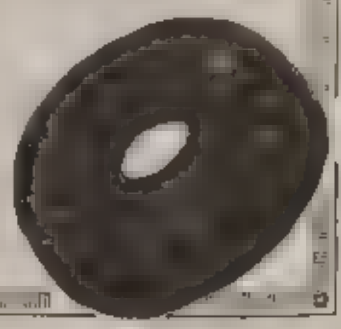

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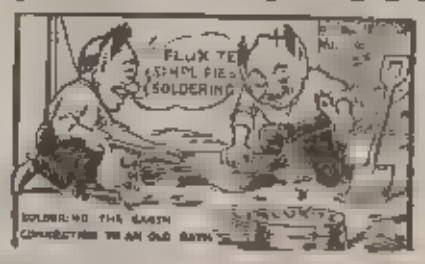

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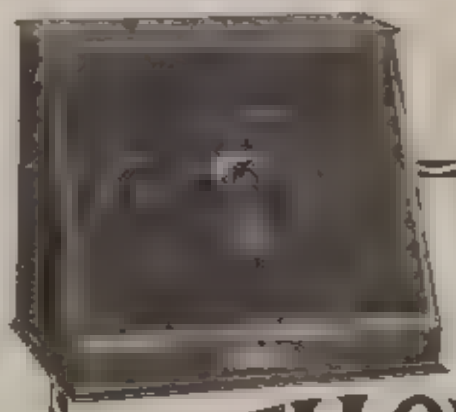

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EP 31

THURSDAY'S PROGRAMME.

(Continued from page 481)

8.5 MADAME ALICE GARSON [illegible]
"Do Not Go, My Love" ..... *Hageman*
"The Wren" ..... *Lehmann*
8.15 [illegible] HAROLD NEL[illegible]
Old Clothes and Fine Clo[illegible] Sc[illegible]
rgone [illegible]
8.25. Orchestra
Selection, Francis and Day's Songs.
8.35. Quartette Parl[illegible]
Shepherdess and Beau Brocade", *Ph[illegible]*
"Daffodils" ..... *Ph[illegible]*
8.45. Orc[illegible]
Medley Foxtrot, "Xmas[illegible] ..... *dale*
Valse Song, "Persian Moon" ..... *Fleming*
9.0-9.30.—Interval
9.30.—NEWS. *S.B. from London*
Local News and Weather Forecast
9.45. Orchestra
Selection of Square Songs ..... *arr Baynes*
10.0. THE SAVOY ORPHEANS AND SAVOY HAVANA BANDS, *S.B. from London.*
10.30.—Close down.
Announcer R. C. Pratt.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 23rd.

LONDON, 3.0.—Irish Guards Band. S.B. to all Stations.
LONDON, 8.10. "The Messiah" (Handel). S.B. to all Stations.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 24th.

NEWCASTLE, 7.30. Sir Frank Benson. Shakespearean Recitals, etc. S.B. to all Stations.

TUESDAY DECEMBER 25.

LONDON 4.30. Special Children's Hour. S.B to other Stations.

WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 26th.

LONDON, 7.30.—Children's Concert.
BIRMINGHAM, 7.30. "Sinbad the Sailor"—the first Radio Panto Revue.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27th.

CARDIFF 7.35 The Mariners of England." S.B. to London.
MANCHESTER, 8.30.—Children's Party.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28th.

MANCHESTER, 7.30.—Xmas Party. S.B. to London.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29th.

LONDON, 7.30. "The Magic Flute," Acts 1 & 2 Mozart), relayed from the Old Vic Theatre. Act 2 S.B. to Newcastle.)
GLASGOW 7.30.—"SSC'S" Xmas Pudding and Pie.

"Wireless Mania."

AT a time when wireless has become such a boon to thousands, it is amazing to hear that occasionally people are foolish enough to let it become a curse to them. The other day in an English court it was stated that a home was practically wrecked because one of the married partners allowed the headphones to be on too long and too often, and now news comes from America that a wife has sued her husband for divorce for the same reason. She alleges that he has suffered from "wireless mania" for two years, and that he spent his money on wireless apparatus instead of on clothes for the family.

If the allegations are true, no one can have any sympathy for him, but the obvious moral to be drawn from this and other similar cases is that any good thing may be turned to a bad account, and it would be as foolish to condemn wireless because some cranks misuse it as it would be to condemn tobacco because some people allow themselves to get tobacco heart.

Foreign Stations.

WIRELESS TRANSMISSIONS FROM EIFFEL TOWER. (Wave-Length 2600 Metres.

6.40-7.0.—Local Forecasts. Every day except Sunday.
11.0-11.15.—Talk on Fish from the Central Hall, Paris. Every day except Monday.
11.15-11.30.—Time Signal; General Forecast. Every day except Sunday.
3.40-4.0.—Financial Talk (French Rates, The Exchange and the "Beginning of the Stock Exchange"). Every day except Sunday.
5.30-5.55.—Closing Prices and the Stock Exchange. Every day except Sunday.
6.10-7.0. —Radio Concert or Lecture. Every day.
7.0-7.20.—Local Forecasts. Every day.
10.0-10.30.—General Forecast. Every day except Sunday.

COMPAGNIE FRANCAISE DE RADIOPHONE EMISSION RADIOLA.

Wave-Length 1780 Metres.

12.30.—Talk on Textiles.
News of the Markets.
Talk on the Cafes.
Information. (News Bulletin.)
12.45.—Radio Concert.
1.45.—Talk of the Paris Stock Exchange.
2.0. Close down.

Second Transmission.

4.30.—Talk of the Paris Exchange of Commerce,
Talk on Metals.
Talk on Cottons.
Talk on Paris Stock Exchange.
General Information. (News Bulletin.
4.45.—Radio Concert.
5.15.—Results of the Races.
Parliamentary Information.
Musical News Summary.
6.0.—Close down

Third Transmission.

8.30.—News Bulletin and Talk.
9.0.—Radio Concert and Talk.
10.0.—Close down.
On Sundays and Thursdays, Radio Dancing at 10.0 p.m. Close down at 10.45 p.m.)

L'ECOLE SUPERIEURE DES POSTES ET TELEGRAPHES.

Wave-Length 450 Metres.)

SUNDAY.—9.0 p.m.—Chat on the Work of a Contemporary Post. This chat is followed by a little Concert.

TUESDAY, 8.15 p.m.—Course of Talks on the Morse Code.
8.30 p.m.—English Talk.
9.0 p.m.—Lecture.
9.35 p.m.—Concert.

WEDNESDAY, 9.0 p.m.—Weekly review of literature.

THURSDAY, 9.0 p.m. Performance of a Classical Play. This performance alternates, the following Thursday, with a chat on the Evolution of French Poetry from the beginning of the 19th Century.

FRIDAY, 9.0 p.m.—Musical Festival. On this day the Station will transmit an Opera or Comic-opera played at the studio.

SATURDAY, 9.0 p.m.—Transmission of the Concert given at the Gaveau or Bleyel Halls. The times of transmission are the Greenwich hours, counted from 0 to 24.

RADIO-STATION-MARCONI, S.A. GENEVA.

The Station T.S.F. of Geneva has started Wireless Transmissions Daily (Sundays excepted) from 1.15 p.m. to 1.30 p.m. on a wave-length of 1,100 metres.

THE WOMAN OPTICIAN.

A Talk from London, by EMILY L. B. FORSTER.

THE woman optician is very up-to-date; it is of quite recent years that she has made her appearance. It is a career that is only suitable for a girl who has received a good general education, her standard of knowledge must be about what is required for the London Matriculation. It is necessary to have a knowledge of mathematics.

The work is very interesting, but is of a nature that appeals to the studious girl, and not to the frivolous one. It is absolutely necessary to be fully qualified, and to become so, the examination of either the Worshipful Company of Spectacle Makers (an old City Guild), or else the British Optical Association must be passed.

Once a girl decides to become an optician she must then choose which examination to study for. The Spectacle Makers' examination is in two parts: the preliminary division and the final division. No candidate may enter for the first under eighteen years of age, or for the final under twenty-one. The examinations are held in May and November. On passing the final division, the Freedom of the Guild is taken up, and then the Diploma of Fellowship is granted to her, and the certificate of her examination. A Fellow can use the initials F.S.M.C., and, for business purposes, the Arms of the Company.

Working at Home.

How to study for the examination is the important question. A good deal of the work for the first, the preliminary, can be done at home by means of a correspondence class, as that part of the work is theoretical. There are about six months' work, and quite four of these can be done at home; for the remainder of the time, the course at school must be attended.

If a girl has started work quite young, she may have three years to wait after she can enter for the first. In this case, she must take an appointment as an unqualified assistant. During the interval, she can study up for the coming examinations, and when it gets near the time for her to be twenty-one, and able to enter for it, she must attend the school classes.

Should her appointment be in London, she will doubtless be able to make arrangements with her chief to have time to attend the school; but if she is working in the country she must come up to town for a while. When a girl is over twenty-one years of age, she may take the two divisions at one sitting.

What It Will Cost.

When an optician receives her diploma, she has to agree to several conditions—such as not to administer drugs, and when necessary always to refer a case to a medical man.

The examinations of the British Optical Association are similar to the Spectacle Makers', so similar work must be done to prepare for them. There are also two, the Membership (Associate) and the Fellowship, and the examinations are held twice a year.

The age is the same; no one under eighteen years of age may enter for the examination, but membership and the certificate are not granted until the student is twenty-one. The examination is held in London, and, occasionally, in Manchester and Glasgow.

The cost of training to qualify as an optician is very small. Whichever examination is taken, and whether the study is done at one of the schools, or at a special course at a polytechnic, the actual cost comes to about twenty-four to thirty guineas, which is a very modest sum compared with many other careers.

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WIRE AND WIRELESS.

By P. P. Eckersley, Chief Engineer of the B.B.C.

THERE are those who say: "Of course before long the ordinary telephone will be done away with, this wireless telephone is making such strides." If communication had been established only by *wireless* telephony and if the wired telephony had not been invented first, its invention would have been hailed as the greatest achievement of modern times, and there would have been those to say: "Of course, before long the wireless telephone will be done away with, this wired telephone is making such strides."

Both of the postulated speakers would be wrong fundamentally. It is not rivalry between wire and wired telephones that will further progress, it is their coming together, till like the Spratts of nursery fame when:—

> Jack Spratt could eat no fat,
> His wife could eat no lean,
> So between them both
> They licked the platter clean.

In the case of wire and wireless, the happy couple can fit together with an almost equal felicity.

A Happy Wedding.

Wireless has the great faculty of penetrating to every corner and requires inexpensive apparatus. (Imagine the cost of running wires from London to *all listeners!*) Wired telephony requires the feeblest energy for communication over hundreds of miles. A power of less than 1 watt will amply suffice for communication between London and Aberdeen. Wireless can carry sounds with no distortion over almost any distance, provided the power is great enough. Wired telephony is secret. Wireless telephony can pass what would be insuperable barriers to wires. No wires could ever pass tropical forests, hot deserts, high avalanches, rivers and oceans.

You will see, then, that if the wire can carry the voice efficiently to the edge of the sea, and if there the wireless takes up its burden and carries the voice across the otherwise unpassable barrier, and if, arrived at the other side, the receiving station can call back to wire, such the happy union of the wedding of wire and wireless is an adequate consummation.

An Historic Experiment.

As an example of this consummation, I may cite an historic experiment done by Captain Round, who, as often before, has applied his imagination to problems long before other engineers have realized that they existed.

Captain Round established a wireless station at Southwold and another at Zanwort in Holland. These stations had the peculiar faculty of being able to receive and send simultaneously—like two orators having an argument in the Mile End Road—complete with loud speakers and directional receivers.

A trunk line ran between London and Southwold; similarly, a line was run on the Dutch side between Zanwort and Amsterdam. Conversations were then exchanged between the two capitals, the communicants using the ordinary telephone instruments of familiar office and household fame. The sea was bridged by wireless; the two methods helped each other, there was not, and never need be, any rivalry.

The wave-lengths used were around 100 metres, and anyone skilful in overcoming capacity effects could have tuned his receiver to one or other of the stations, or, if he was really inquisitive, could have arranged to receive both Zanwort and Southwold simultaneously. The disadvantage, in fact, of the system was its lack of secrecy.

Some of you may have read the description of an interview with Senatore Marconi when he spoke of "talking on a beam," or, if that was not too attractive, you may have heard his excellent little address to America on the night we tried to talk across the Atlantic. He foreshadowed a development that we may soon be putting to practical use whereby the secrecy of wireless may be greatly helped.

Energy in Beams.

If you put a mirror behind a candle, the light is flung in a beam forward away from the mirror. The headlights of your high powered car are designed to throw out a beam. By using a very short wave-length, a beam of wireless waves may be projected in one direction only, with enormous gain in efficiency and secrecy. For a beam flung across the sea cannot be tapped, except by ships directly in the path of the rays. Furthermore, all the energy is concentrated in one path and is not wasted by being broadcast.

Might not a great wireless serial be written around this? The great city financier is working plots for the undoing of his great rival, who is in love with ——, who really loves ——, but it is necessary to get a spoken message to his colleague in New York. Our hero charters a yacht, sails off to Land's End, only to be baffled by the most appalling quality of speech. He realizes, as he steers home at a steady knot, that this is code ——. Rod on the wireless station finds his lady love (who really loves ——) in possession of the code, the word ——— she lets out, is ready "what"; the word ——— The ——— sphered, the great financier is thwarted by ——— oscillating on his wave-length making the code inverted so that he deciphers ———. The lady who really loves ——— receiver of her waves. (Certain on the happy wireless wedding!)

Why don't we use beams more? Why doesn't Carnarvon use a reflector? Said to refer to if the wave length is 300 metres, the reflector to be efficient, must be 100 metres high. Imagine wires strung into the sky 15,000 metres high. Alas! even if one were in the kite balloon section during the war, 15,000 metres is a little bit on the large side.

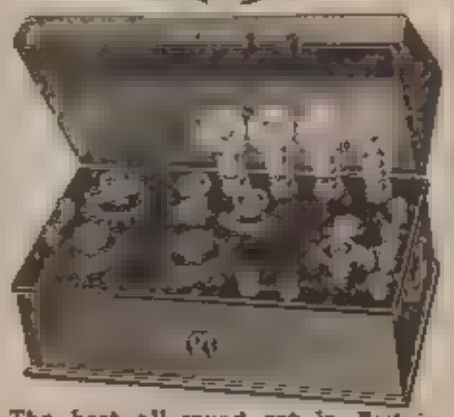
Linking the Continents.

Imagine a cosmic shadow on 2LO. A district has been oscillating, those haughty monopolists the B.B.C. decide to cut off the broadcast from that district until peace for all is promised. Alas, it might be necessary to wrap the whole station up in a copper sheet and put it to bed. Simpler to switch off perhaps!

If we can make these short waves practical propositions, there is no reason why beams shouldn't link up the continents, why wire and wireless shouldn't flash a message from one corner of the habitable globe to the other.

It is interesting to note we are making a start. Have we not had a happy union of wire and wireless in this country on simultaneous? The wire takes the message safely with comparatively very little loss of energy to each of our broadcast stations, where it is ultimately introduced to crystal, single valve, multi-valve, 'phones, and loud speaker alike, so that, if they chose, forty millions of people could listen to one voice.

EXPERIENCE



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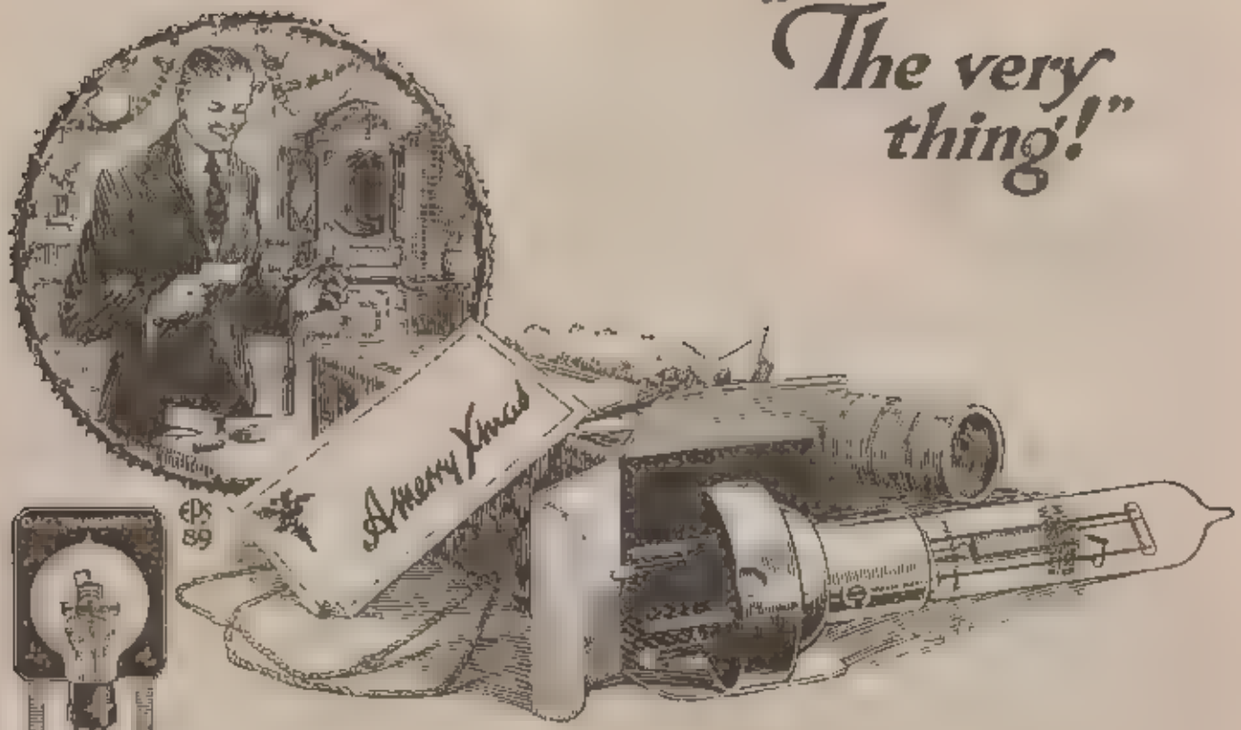

THE choosing of Christmas Gifts need present no problems this season.

Your friends are arranging for at least one Wireless Concert or Dance to appear upon their festive programmes. What gift, then, could be so original or acceptable as a valve?

The addition of a valve may enable your friend to use a loud speaker—a spare valve may save him from great disappointment.

But if you wish your gift to be acclaimed "The very thing," you must be sure that the valve you choose will suit your friend's receiver.

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"The Magic Flute."

A Description of Saturday's Opera by Percy A. Scholes.

On Saturday, 29th December, the "Old Vic.'s" performance of Mozart's opera, "The Magic Flute," is to be broadcast from the London Station. In the following article Mr. Scholes gives a brief description of the work.

IN 1791 there was in Vienna an actor-manager, called Schickeneder, who badly wanted a piece that would be thoroughly popular and so help to draw his theatre out of its financial difficulties. Theatrical taste just then inclined to the fantastic and exotic, and (as in all ages) also to the comic. There was, further, an interest in Freemasonry, which at that time was, in Austria, being subjected to some government persecution. Schickeneder, with the collaboration of one of his actors, compiled a libretto which embodied all these varied elements.

Schickeneder was himself a Mason, and he went to a brother Mason, the young genius Mozart, for his music.

Mozart wrote *The Magic Flute* in his thirty-sixth year. It was at once performed (30th September, 1791), and he died two months later (5th December). This, then, was his last opera, and, but for his famous "Requiem," his last work.

Vocal Fireworks.

A special charm of *The Magic Flute* is its wealth of simple, straightforward "catchy" tunes; in this is seen the influence of folk song. Its choruses for men's voices are another feature, and so are its vocal fireworks for the leading soprano, the "Queen of Night," whose part was played by Mozart's sister-in-law, a singer with a voice of unusual compass [illegible].

At the "Old Vic." *The Magic Flute* is presented in Edward Dent's admirable translation, and, in the original form, i.e., in two acts, not as usually elsewhere, rearranged, in five.

In the following sketch of the curious and rather puzzling plot, the first appearance of each character is shown by the use of italics.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*Tamino*, a Prince (Tenor), weaponless, pursued by a serpent, falls to the ground unconscious. In the nick of time *Three Warrior Ladies* enter, and with their spears kill the serpent. They return to their mistress, the Queen of Night, to report the presence of this handsome young prince. Tamino awakes and finds before him *Papageno* (Bass), a bird-catcher dressed in feathers, who boasts that he has killed the serpent. The Three Ladies return and punish Papageno for lying by putting a padlock on his lips. They show Tamino the portrait of a lovely princess, Pamina, daughter of the Queen of Night, who has come into the keeping of the High Priest of Isis, Sarastro, described as an evil magician. Tamino immediately falls in love with her. *The Queen of Night* (Soprano) herself appears and commissions Tamino to rescue her daughter. Papageno's padlock is removed, and he is given to Tamino as servant. The Ladies give Tamino, as protection, a Magic Flute, and to Papageno a chime of Magic Bells, and promise them that they shall be directed by three young Genii.

SCENE 2.—We are in the High Priest's Palace and see the Princess, *Pamina* (Soprano) insulted by the negro slave *Monostatos* (Tenor). Papageno comes in, and he and the negro take fright at each other and both run away. Papageno comes back, tells Pamina about the Prince who is seeking her, and persuades her to go to join him.

SCENE 3.—Tamino, led by the *Genii* (who [illegible] wise and solemn counsel) in his search for Pamina, tries to enter in turn, three Temples. Voices drive him back from the Temples of Nature and Reason, but on approaching that of Wisdom he is greeted by a *Priest* (Bass), who tells him that Sarastro is no tryant, but the benignant chief priest of the Temple, and the noble protector of Pamina from her mother's wicked magic. Papageno and Pamina enter to look for Tamino. The negro and slaves attempt to molest them, but Papageno's magic bells hideously compel them all to dance. *Sarastro* [illegible] enters. Monostatos has captured Tamino, but instead of rewarding him for doing so, Sarastro has him whipped. The Prince and the Bird-catcher are taken into the Temple to be tested.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—A solemn Temple ceremony. With great gravity the Priests agree to Tamino's [illegible] as candidate for initiation.

SCENE 2.—Tamino and Papageno, in darkness, are tempted by the Three Ladies, who try by threats to turn them from their intentions.

SCENE 3.—Monostatos, seeing Pamina asleep, is about to insult her when interrupted by the appearance of the Queen of Night. The Queen commands her daughter to kill the High Priest. Another insult at between the Negro and Pamina is again interrupted, this time by the High Priest himself.

SCENE 4.—The candidates for initiation are tested. The Test of Silence causes trouble for Pamina appears, and is hurt that Tamino will not speak to her. Papageno breaks the rule of silence by talking to an *Old Hag*, who startles him by claiming his affection.

SCENE 5.—Tamino is taken into the presence of the Priests again and told to say good-bye to Pamina, but promised that it shall not be for ever.

SCENE 6.—Papageno meets the Old Hag again and to his delight she is transformed into a charming Bird-Woman, *Papagena*.

SCENE 7.—Pamina, losing all hope of winning Tamino's love, tries to kill herself, but is prevented by the Three Genii.

SCENE 8.—Tamino goes through his last test—the Ordeal of Fire and Water. Pamina regains him, and also passes through the test. The music of the Magic Flute preserves them. They are received in the Temples, as initiated.

SCENE 9.—Papageno returns, and is happily joined by Papagena.

SCENE 10.—The Queen of Night and her Ladies make a last attempt to overcome the guardians of the Temple, but are unsuccessful. Daylight streams in. Sarastro and the two pairs of lovers are greeted by the Chorus.

[illegible]

WIRELESS FOR LIFEBOATS.

The recent disaster to the *Trevessa* has opened the eyes of seafaring people to the necessity of employing wireless in lifeboats. Interesting experiments have lately been carried out between Gravesend and Margate in this connection. Two wireless sets were tested, one weighing only 30 lbs., the invention of Captain F. C. Frost, and the other, a more elaborate arrangement, has been demonstrated by the Marconi Company.

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FELLOWS

Letters From Listeners.

[illegible]

Broadcasting Debates.

Sir,—May I suggest that debates should be broadcast? The subject, too, should be one which is to choose a subject—[illegible] political—and get two [illegible] authorities if possible—to speak "for" and [illegible]

Allow, say, one week for correspondence, then let a summary of this correspondence be broadcast with conclusions from the openers of the debate. Of course, a chairman and [illegible] readers would be eliminated, as unnecessary.

I am sure that a wireless debate something on these lines would cause a great amount of enthusiasm.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W. L. B.

[illegible] hoped to develop the broadcasting of debates some time in the New Year.

Why Good Music Should Be Broadcast

Sir,—It seems as if your correspondents appear to think that the B.B.C. broadcasting should be confined to tickling the palate of the melody maniacs. Jazz and songs of the sickly love type appear to be their ideal, and they cannot have too much of them. One would have thought that the class of people who dislike anything they have not been educated up to was dying out, but such an assumption appears to be unwarranted.

Their position in any case appears to be an extremely selfish one. Such music as they like can be heard almost anywhere. Go into the nearest picture palace and you will hear the class of music in which they delight. To my mind, broadcasting most completely fulfils its possibilities when it gives us what we can not otherwise obtain.

Take high-class music. To hear such in comfort, if one lives in a large town, costs at least 2s. 6d., and though many people find [illegible] sum insignificant to their pockets, they must not fail to realize that very many indeed cannot afford so much. Personally, the highbrow concerts have given me the greatest satisfaction. I do not care whether they are simultaneous broadcast or local broadcast, the music's the thing. It has, however, the effect of spoiling one for the smaller combinations of orchestras. Not long ago, to hear a decent violin solo was a delight; now, the 'phones are often silent because the symphony concerts spoil one "by kindness," so to speak.

Surely there is only one way to meet the wants of both these classes, which roughly represent all listeners, and that is simultaneously to broadcast on two different wave-lengths the two different types of entertainment. On one wave-length we could have highbrow music and speeches on topics of real import, whilst the individual whose prehistoric brain cannot distinguish the difference between melody and rhythm will be fully satisfied with the other.

Yours truly,

Manchester. J. G. L.

For Amateur Composers.

Sir,—Since you welcome ideas that would give a novel turn to programmes, perhaps [illegible] at which fellows will concentrate itself [illegible] you and the competitive spirit amongst listeners.

It has come to my knowledge rather surprisingly that a considerable number of people with more or less musical ability make a hobby of composition. My suggestion is, then, that these be invited to submit their work to a B.B.C. committee who would sift the grain from the chaff and draw up a programme with the [illegible].

The order of merit could be voted upon by listeners, and prizes awarded to those most nearly coinciding with the majority's [illegible] every composition [illegible] might be sent and the bulk would pay [illegible] over the prize money. The composer's reward for success would be in the nature of royalties paid by publishers who placed their work on the market.

Yours faithfully,

London, N.W. W. W.

Listening at Bath.

Sir,—I was interested to read the letter under the heading "Listening at Bath," from A. H. W., Tottenham, N., in *The Radio Times*, but I was very surprised to note your reply.

It may interest you to know that with an ordinary crystal set, I am able to get Cardiff concerts regularly. I am now using a valve and crystal set, and can get Cardiff [illegible] Birmingham, Newcastle, and Glasgow without any trouble, and quite [illegible], although, of course, Cardiff is the most powerful. I have occasionally had London and Manchester, but these stations are very uncertain.

Yours faithfully,

Bath. J. L.

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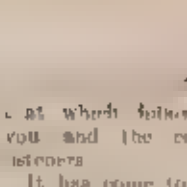

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Funny Stories Told by Listeners.

IN recent issues of *The Radio Times* readers were asked to send accounts of funny things they had seen and heard in connection with wireless. The best of these are printed below, and further selections will appear next week.

A [illegible] was singing to the children's hour when she had just sung "Down in the cool grot" when she was [illegible]

"Oh," she exclaimed, "then they must have the loud pedal on!"—Miss. Garss, Camberwell, S.E.

The soprano's voice from the loud speaker was harsh and [illegible]. The farmer of the family was puffing [illegible] at his pipe when the little girl made everyone laugh by saying: "Dad, I know why the lady doesn't sing nicely; it's because your smoke gets down her throat."—H. W. White, Brentford.

"Chair! Chair!"

We listened and were listening to 2LO the former for the first time. During one period there was considerable jamming, caused by a Morse station.

She inquired what it was, and I replied that it was one of the stations sending.

[illegible] comment after she remarked: "What disgraceful conduct! It is a wonder he doesn't stop until the chairman restores order."—B. Gerstley, London, E.

A few days ago a neighbour called in to listen. After a while she said: "Isn't it wonderful? And who fixed it up for you?"

I told her that a friend had done so.

However did he take the other end of the wire to where the man is speaking from?" she asked, in astonishment.—E. Kerslake, Manchester.

[illegible] from [illegible] the other [illegible] Tuesday [illegible] Do [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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There will be wireless toys and gifts for the grown-ups in the shape of various wireless apparatus, and there will be wireless crackers on the festive table.

The Cracker King, Tom Smith, has invented "Listening" crackers, containing novel articles that will delight the radio enthusiast. There are miniature double aerials, headphones, and loud speakers, but perhaps the greatest amount of fun will be obtained from the [illegible] and wireless picture puzzles. One of the latter is illustrated on this page.

[illegible].

Regarding the verses, if there should happen to be any mistletoe about—or even if there shouldn't be—what fair young thing could resist if you were to hand her the following, taken from a cracker that you had pulled together?

My wireless message, I believe,
Will cause you no surprise,
Since you can easily perceive
The wording of my eyes.

What, too, could be neater than this?

You can listen-in to the Ball room,
You can listen-in to the Hall,
You [illegible] a small room,
You need make no return at all!
You can listen-in to patter,
Of comedians and grin,
Where you listen-in don't matter,
If to me you listen-in.

The various broadcasting stations are introduced with excellent effect:

From Manchester an anxious voice
Is asking you to make your choice.
Just wait a moment 2ZY
It needs a Y Z [illegible]

Dance by Wireless Band. Puzzle find the Conductor

How's that on Birmingham?

Who is it, please, do you want me?
Of course, you do. It's 5IT
Yes, I can hear, you are a wit,
No Brummagem, you're simply IT.

If you [illegible] you can have [illegible]

A call to me from 2SC,
To listen in I'm glad.
Don't let it go, for it is, I know,
My bonnie Glasgow lad.

London is not neglected:

[illegible]

Amusing Jokes.

Some of the joke verses are very amusing:

W reless concert
Wave gets too
[illegible]
Song a free

And here's another:

Elopement planned,
Suspicious Pa
[illegible]
Broadcasts far

There are many other clever and entertaining lines to be found in Tom Smith's wireless crackers, and every listener should see to it that [illegible]

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The ideal horn should therefore be made of a vibrationless material, and castings in [illegible] have so far proved to give the best results.—*The Wireless World*

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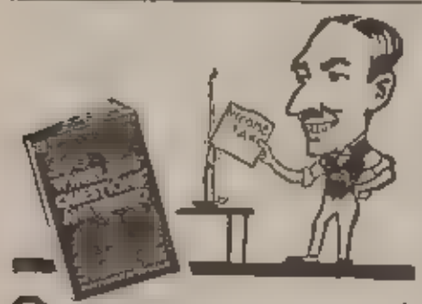

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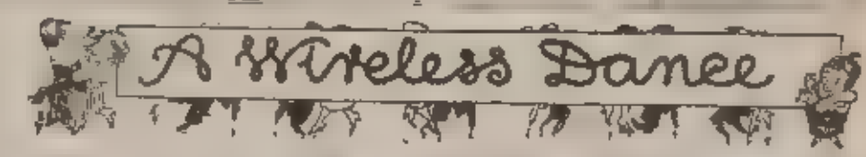
A Wireless Dance

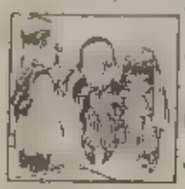


THIS is the dance Mab's Ma gave

This is the Man whose name is Dan
Who came to the dance Mab's Ma gave

This is the Girl with a saucy curl
Who danced with the man whose name is Dan
Who came to the dance Mab's Ma gave

This is the Waist so neat and slim
Which belongs to the girl with the saucy curl
Who danced with the man whose name is Dan
Who came to the dance Mab's Ma gave



This is the Arm so full of vim
That encircled the waist so neat and slim
Which belongs to the girl with the saucy curl
Who danced with the man whose name is Dan
Who came to the dance Mab's Ma gave

This is the Hand so white and trim
Which lay on the arm so full of vim
That encircled the waist so neat and slim
Which belongs to the girl with the saucy curl
Who danced with the man whose name is Dan
Who came to the dance Mab's Ma gave

This is the Ring no cloud can dim
Which gleams on the hand so white and trim
Which lay on the arm so full of vim
That encircled the waist so neat and slim
Which belongs to the girl with a saucy curl
Who danced with the man whose name is Dan
Who came to the dance Mab's Ma gave

This is the Honeymoon taken with Him
Who put on the ring no cloud can dim
That gleams on the hand so white and trim
Which lay on the arm so full of vim
That encircled the waist so neat and slim
Which belongs to the girl with the saucy curl
Who danced with the man whose name is Dan
Who came to the dance Mab's Ma gave

This is the Wife, who can't be prim
Who remembers the honeymoon taken with Him
Who put on the ring no cloud can dim
That gleams on the hand so white and trim,
That lay on the arm so full of vim
That encircled the waist so neat and slim,
That belongs to the girl with the saucy curl
Who danced with the man whose name is Dan.
Who came to the dance Mab's Ma gave

This is the Babe whose slightest whim
Is adored by the wife who can't be prim,
Who remembers the honeymoon taken with Him,
Who put on the ring no cloud can dim,
That gleams on the hand so white and trim,
That lay on the arm so full of vim,
That encircled the waist so neat and slim,
That belongs to the girl with the saucy curl,
Who danced with the man whose name is Dan.
Who came to the dance Mab's Ma gave

This is the Nurse, harder than Given
Bestowed on the babe who
Is adored by the wife who can't be prim
Who remembers the honeymoon taken with Him,
Who put on the ring no cloud can dim
That gleams on the hand so white and trim
That lay on the arm so full of vim
That encircled the waist so neat and slim
That belongs to the girl with a saucy curl
Who danced with the man whose name is Dan
Who came to the dance Mab's Ma gave

This is poor Daniel mighty of limb
Who goes through that exercise harder than Given
Bestowed on the babe whose slightest whim
Is adored by the wife who can't be prim
Who remembers the honeymoon taken with Him
Who put on the ring no cloud can dim,
That gleams on the hand so white and trim
That lay on the arm so full of vim,
That encircled the waist so neat and slim
That belongs to the girl with the saucy curl,
Who danced with the man whose name is Dan
Who came to the dance Mab's Ma gave

—:—

WIRELESS IN POLICE COURTS?

A novel idea was put forward by Mr C. K. Francis, the Westminster magistrate, the other day. He suggested that wireless might be used with advantage in police courts.

It has happened to me many times when I have finished the arduous work at Westminster," he said, "that I have been told there is no magistrate at the So-ho Western Court, or that the magistrate at Lambeth has lost his voice, and I have been told to go to one of those courts.

Why should I go, why not put the wireless on at Westminster? I could then hear applications by wireless, fine 'drunks,' and if there was a very disorderly 'drunk,' I could give him 14 days.

The wireless would be a good thing for such a man," Mr Francis added, amid laughter, for if I saw him, I might possibly give him a month.

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Other People's Opinions.

A BREATHLESS TIME.

FOR the wireless man Christmas is a breathless time. His progeny, male and female, arrives home from its various seminaries of learning brimful of wireless lore acquired during term time, and madly desirous of bringing him up to date in the matter of new circuits.

Hardly have they leapt from their taxis before wireless talk pours from their young lips. They invade the radio den, examine one's gear and indicate pretty plainly that they are not impressed by their sire's progress during the time that they have been away. I always rather dread these first moments of the holidays, for one knows that one's whole reputation as a radioist is hanging in the balance.—*Modern Wireless.*

COUNSELS OF PERFECTION.

THERE was once a well-meaning, though egoistic, man who tried to practise all the "hints for keeping fit" which were printed in the newspapers. He died of exhaustion due to overwork. This little tragedy always comes to my mind when I notice articles about the care and maintenance of wireless sets.

Not for a moment would I decry the wise saws and righteous maxims of my brother scribes, who are all conscientious doers of their own words, o' course; but I dare whisper to those serialists who, like myself, are indolent and sketchy in technique provided the signals are readable, that in practice satisfactory results can be got even if we neglect to grease the insulators every Friday, or to sandblast our ebonite, or to use stranded, Bessemerized, double raw-silk-covered platinum wire for dry-cell connections.—*Popular Wireless.*

VISITING WITH HEADPHONES.

IN a village some distance from London, I found, as I expected, that "wireless" was in full swing—or should one say "full wave"? But I found, too, that evening wireless parties, at which such light refreshments as coffee and sandwiches were served, were all the rage. The novel feature to me, was that all invitations bore the implied phrase, "Bring your own headphones."

The headphone is the expensive part of the set. To provide for a number of people other than the home circle is not to be thought of in some houses. But if the visitors bring their own headphones they can switch in and enjoy the music or speeches while they sip their coffee. Perhaps soon none of us will go visiting without our headphones.—*The Daily Chronicle.*

SOME WANTS.

THERE is no doubt that a perfect interference eliminator and a mid-control receiver top the list of the most pressing needs in the wireless world to-day. Next in importance come a substitute for outdoor aerials, a reliable variable grid leak with an accurately graduated scale, a cheap substitute for ebonite, an efficient and compact variable condenser, a distortionless loud-speaker, a dry battery which will deliver a steady current, a more efficient frame aerial, and last, but not least, a really efficient general-purpose valve arranged on an entirely new principle.

All these improvements may rightly be classed as pressing needs, which means there is a demand for them.—*Amateur Wireless.*

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"The Radio Times," the official organ of the British Broadcasting Company, Ltd., is concerned solely with broadcasting programmes and the technical problems relating to their transmission.

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